THE PAPER OF OUTDOOR LIFE

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 81. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING MAY 21ST, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

O. 81. WEEK ENDING MAY 21ST, 1910. ONE PENNY.

"STYMIES."

THE GOLFER'S BUGBEAR.

ong the many exasperations of golf is ymie. You are said to be stymied, or laid a stymie, when your opponent's between your ball and the hole and in position that you cannot play your ball into the hole.

is the sort of thing that happens: you the crucial point of a match when a one way or the other will make all the nce; your third shot has landed on the g green and stopped about a yard from ole; your opponent plays his third shot, is ball trickles up to the hole, event- stopping on the very edges in a dead etween your ball and the hole.

s position in a way is doubly hard on since you have evidently played well up s point, seeing that you have reached would be an admirable position but for wkward place occupied by your oppo- ball.

you are now the further from the hole, it r turn to play, and a nice quandary you . Your adversary is bound to hole out shot, and your only chance of a "half" hole out.

how to do it? If you knock his ball in ll count as having holed out in three, ven if your ball goes in also you will played four, and therefore you lose the

ou were a novice, you would probably hard at the other ball in the hope of ing over and away from the hole, but anœuvre is not allowed. Your opponent have the right to replace his ball if ried that game.

he circumstances there is only one thing done, and that is to take your iron or ; and by a very delicate wrist stroke ke your ball jump clear over the other nd into the hole. But it wants a deuce ot of doing.

etimes when the ball that lays the is not right on the edge of the hole, ossible to curve round it and into the y putting "cut" on the ball. This is by drawing the head of the putter (a or iron is more often used for this par- purpose) sharply across the ball at the nt of striking.

gives it side spin, which in favouring stances will carry it round the opposing But again it wants a lot of doing, and re lucky if you negotiate one "dead " out of ten.

he two balls are within six inches of other, then there is no stymie, and the ball must be temporarily removed.

GEO. HICKS,

CHEEK.

We are told of a West-End production to be called "The Parasites." It is, no doubt, of a lively, not to say tickling, character.

* * *

Says Mr. G. K. Chesterton: "The moon-shine that richens love is as practical as the sunshine that ripens corn." But a well-known firm says it isn't a patch on their shoe-shine that softens soles.

* * *

"Be on the qui-vive," says "London Opinion," "for Yorkville Belle," referring to a three-year-old gelding. But don't excite yourself. You will no doubt hear it ring.

* * *

In the course of a recent pronunciamento, Mr. George Bernard Shaw quotes Shakespeare's line, "All the world's a stage." And Mr. Shaw evidently fancies that he is the stage-manager.

* * *

A play recently produced in London was "The Cheerful Knave." Doubtless his good spirits were due to the presence of some delicious pastry in the cast.

* * *

Says Danny Maher: "There is no doubt at all that Bachelor's Button was a real good horse." Of course. It was well known that he was top hole.

* * *

Mr. P. F. Warner says that Englishmen "infuse the cricketing spirit into those around them." Bertie Bonnyboy wants to know if it goes well with soda-water.

* * *

"It is time," says the "Literary Post," "that the term 'minor poet' should be discarded." But why? It suggests two of the average poet's closest associations—dirt and diggings.

* * *

Mrs. Hugh Adams says that "net is being used for everything this year, and miles of it must be sold daily in Paris alone." In a word, the net profits are considerable.

* * *

"What Publishers Are Doing" is a headline in a weekly contemporary. A struggling author of our acquaintance says that the "what" should read "whom."

* * *

"Dancing," observes Mr. James Douglas, "is the flesh in flower, the blood in bloom." But it is far from causing one to be of a florid habit.

* * *

Heard in the Conservatory: Male Voice (whispers): "You darling! To promise to come to my rooms in your husband's absence! But," (earnestly) "don't put it in your diary, there's a dear girl!"

J. S. COX,

AFTER THE OTTER.

HOW TO PARTICIPATE IN AN EXCELLENT AND INEXPENSIVE COUNTRY SPORT.

At the present moment otter-hunting is in full swing throughout the country, and the sport is one that appeals irresistibly to every outdoor man.

Moreover, it has the great advantage—not possessed by many sports—that you can take it up and enjoy it without having had previous experience.

You may be as ignorant of otter-hunting as you like, but you won't feel a duffer—provided, of course, that you are a companionable sort of chap, for the wet-blanket feels as much out of it at otter-hunting as he does anywhere else.

It would be impossible to give here a complete list of all the otter hunts in the country, but it is fairly certain that one is held somewhere in your neighbourhood, or at least within cycling distance of your home.

You must discover the nearest hunt for yourself, and the best way to do so is to appeal to the landlord of the biggest hotel in your vicinity. He is sure to know, and he can tell you where to push your further inquiries. Often you will find that he is a devotee of the sport himself, and willing to take you under his wing for your first outing.

As for costume, you need not trouble yourself over much. If you cycle to the meet you will find that the costume best adapted for the bike is also quite suitable for otter-hunting, with the exception that you should wear boots instead of shoes, as you will have many squadgy places to negotiate. Do not have your boots too heavy, as they would retard your movements, and the sport is an active one.

Those who go in for otter-hunting systematically, generally wear white breeches, which are easily washed after the not-unlikely wetting; but these are not a necessity.

The pole which otter-hunters carry, and which is so useful in negotiating streams, can be bought at a small cost, but even it is not necessary. In fact, the sport may justly be said to be one of the most inexpensive in the matter of equipment.

The joys of an otter-hunt have already been described in these pages, and I do not propose to repeat myself. My sole purpose on this occasion is to convince you that, whatever your circumstances financially may be, otter-hunting is a sport well within your means.

That you will enjoy participating in it is a thing for which I do not ask you to take my word; I only ask you to try it once—if you do not do so a second time without asking, I shall be much surprised.

S. WALTERS.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

A THIEF IN THE NIGHT

By E. WADE LANG.

For the past hour the wayfarer had been cursing himself heartily. The town for which he was making was still a good half dozen miles ahead, and progress was slow in the teeth of a cold wind and driving rain.

Besides, it was getting late, and he had still to beg, borrow or steal the necessary fourpence for his "kip."

The wind penetrated the rents in his clothes and played mercilessly on his saturated skin, making him shiver; his boots slid and squelched in the muddy road, and it was pitch dark, with never the light of a house or an inn in the distance to cheer him on. It was just as though he were alone in a dark and black world with all the forces of the elements in conspiracy against him.

He trudged on, cursing in time with his strides, and it was with a feeling of utter surprise and unexpected relief that he heard behind him the sound of a trotting horse and the grind of wheels.

He stood still, looking back at the approaching light.

"If only there was a chance of a lift," he muttered.

Soon he saw the dim outline of a man in the trap, and as it went by he called out:

"Say, mister! Can't yer help a poor chap along?"

He got no answer; but a little farther on the road rose steeply, and the horse's pace slackened to a walk. Hurrying, the tramp drew level again.

"Couldn't yer spare a copper!" he pleaded. "I'm an old soldier. I fought in the South African war, and ——"

Speaking glibly, he recited his stock tale.

Still no answer. He peered at the man, striving to distinguish his features in the gloom, half inclined to attempt means more desperate if argument failed.

"I'd do anything," he said, "just to get a copper or two. It's hard for us chaps who want to work and can't get it. I served seven years for my King and country—and——"

"Penal servitude, I expect," said a harsh voice, suddenly.

"No, sir; on my solemn honour."

His protestations became eloquent.

"Pshaw!" the harsh voice interrupted again. "I know your sort."

"Well, if yer don't believe me," said the tramp, aggrieved.

"Tell me the truth, and I'll listen. Where yer going?"

"Gloucester."

"Where then?"

"I dunno. If I can get summat to do——"

"Bah! You don't want anything to do. What I want to know is, do you tramp all the time?"

"Mostly."

"All over England?"

"There ain't many parts I don't know."

"How long since you were in this quarter before?"

"Must be nigh on a year. And I'll take blooming good care it don't see me again for longer than that. For the past fortnight I ain't picked up more'n——"

"Cease gassing. D'you know anything about horses?"

"Horses!" said the tramp, enthusiastically. "Why I was in the Blanked M.I. Horses! there ain't no equine——"

"Could you hold a horse for me for half an hour without him bolting?"

"Lord love yer, yes," said the tramp, disgusted.

They had reached the top of the hill, and the man pulled up.

"Get in front of the lamp and let's have a look at you."

The tramp moved forward with the reluctance of modesty. He felt that he was hardly looking his best.

"All right. Get up."

"Crikey!" The tramp was astonished. "Mean yer want me *now?*"

"I'm indifferent. It will be useful to have somebody to look after the trap at the place I'm going to while I'm absent for half an hour or so. But failing that I can hitch the reins to a gate. Make up your mind. I'm in a hurry."

"How much?" inquired the tramp, cautiously.

"Oh, a shilling. Perhaps two if you keep your mouth shut on the way."

A moment's pause. The tramp was accustomed to making strange acquaintances on the road, but this man was the strangest of any. Why should he take up a wayside tramp for a temporary coachman? What was he up to? He didn't sound the pleasantest of men, if the harsh, curt voice was anything to go by.

But the wind was blowing down the tramp's neck, and it was raining harder than ever.

"I'm on," he said with alacrity, and hastened to climb up just as the driver flicked the horse.

A hand pushed part of the rug over his knees, and they started off.

"Not much of a tea-party—tramping," opened the tramp, conversationally.

No answer.

"All right, if you won't speak," reflected the tramp. "But you're a queer bird, if I'm any judge."

They covered about a couple of miles in silence, and then, to the tramp's dismay, his companion turned into a lane on the left.

"Here," he protested, "ain't yer going straight on?"

"Straight on here—yes."

"Along the main road, I mean. I don't want to go and get landed in some gawd-forsaken spot at this time o' night."

"If you're not satisfied, and don't want the shilling, get down."

"How far yer going?"

No answer.

"Well," said the tramp, settling himself, "as I *am* here, I may as well stay, I guess. Bli'me! but ain't it cold! A reg'lar gale, I call it."

He asked presently if his companion could oblige him with "a bit of baccy."

"No," was the harsh reply.

"How much longer?" inquired the tramp, after the journey had been in progress at least an hour.

"We shall soon be there."

"Going to call on some friends? Ah, I've got it. You're a doctor."

"It'll be a shilling instead of two if you ask any more questions."

"Well, I wish you luck if you're abducting me," said the tramp with lame facetiousness.

Along they went, the steady jog-trot of the horse making a sort of song of its own, to which the whistling wind and the hissing rain were a dirge-like accompaniment.

The tramp sank into a mental lethargy, dreamily listening to it.

He jumped on finding the cart had stopped.

"Lord, where are we said.

Trees flanked either s the lane and almost met head. Through their sw branches on the right the tower and short of a church were just discernible.

"This ain't the place, is it?"

"Yes."

"Crikey!"

The man handed him the reins.

"All you've got to do," he said, "is to sit till I come back."

"What yer going to do?"

"A friend lives close by, that's all."

"Ah, the parson." The tramp sighed relief at the surmise.

His companion got down, and he heard fumbling in the rear of the trap. Then, car something under his arm, he went on ahead, ing close to the side of the lane and tre stealthily.

He sat and waited, listening intently.

"Lord, I wish he'd make haste," muttered tramp, shivering. "What's he up to, I wo There's a churchyard over there."

The chiming of the church clock startled A quarter to something! What was it—e or twelve? Twelve—midnight!

"I hope it ain't midnight," he murmured.

The clock chimed again, and began to He counted carefully. Eleven!

"Well, that ain't so bad," he observed, rel

But time laboured by, and he became inte uneasy. The horse, too, was showing sig restlessness.

At length he descended, shivering, and he by the bridle, looking about him fearfully.

"If he don't come soon," he told himself, off. . . . . What's his game, I wonder. . . .

Suddenly he heard the man returning. footfalls were unsteady, and he loomed into staggering under the weight of a load on his

"Crikey!" whispered the tramp. "What got there."

It was a sack. He saw it plainly as the passed him, and, with a heave of the shou deposited it in the front of the trap.

"Bring her round," said the man.

Trembling, and not knowing what to d think, the tramp obeyed. His companion cli up and took the reins, then sat down, sta the sack on its end beside him.

"Come on," he said, "there's room for you

"What—and sit next to that 'ere thing! me, mister. You pay me my two bob, and I getting. I'll be all right, don't you fret."

"You must. I can't have you staying, You'll get both me and yourself into trouble."

"What yer got in that sack, mister?"

"That's my business. Come along now, q

"No, not me!" The tramp retre shuddering.

"You will get no pay if you don't." He s up.

"Don't you come touching me," cried the t shrilly.

"Hist! you fool! Do you want to bring s body on our track."

"I don't care. It's some'at horrible you've up to. That there sack . . . . "

"What about the sack, you shivering idiot?

"What's in it? Eh, what's in it?" Whispe and drawn by a strange fascination, the t drew nearer and prodded it. It yielded to touch. "Ow, ow!" he cried, springing back.

"Oh you damn fool," shouted the man w laugh. "Do you think I'm a ghoul? D'you I've been digging up a dead body? Shut up come here. Come here, I won't bite you. you what's inside if you like, and if you'll pro to keep your mouth shut about it. Rose t you idiot! The Vicar's got a special kind I've coveted ever so long, and at last I cou resist helping myself to a few. Here! come look. Shove your hand in, man! If you get at all it will only be a thorn . . . .

"Now, jump up! I'll put you on the main again."

ME USEFUL CAMP TIPS.

NGS WORTH REMEMBERING WHEN UNDER CANVAS.

itch your own tent if you can, and see it is done properly. If someone else has e it badly, have it down and begin from beginning. It will make all the difference your comfort, especially if bad weather in.

he distance from any of the pegs to which guy-ropes are fixed to the foot of the should be the same as the length of the .

o not leave the peg in the centre of the rway in the ground during the day. It save your toes and your language if it is oved and only put in at night or when ne- ary to keep out rain.

EEP OUT THE DRAUCHT.

hen shutting up for the night, always the door with the windward flap outside, unless it is very cold leave the bottom of door open. A tent becomes remarkably fy if it is occupied even by three or four n. On active service it sometimes runs to rteen.

wet weather never touch the surface of tent. The canvas will remain watertight ot touched, but if you inadvertently come contact with it, it will begin to drip, and only way of stopping this is to draw your er down from the spot where the leak is, the skirting, when the water that comes ugh will be carried off to the sides of the .

ce that your bed is always clear of the vas, however, or you may find your pillow rated with drippings.

wet weather and always at night, slacken tent ropes, as they and the canvas will tract with rain or dew and will be liable pull the pegs out of the ground.

o not attempt to sleep on a palliasse filled with straw. If you do not roll off, you at least be supremely uncomfortable. It uld not be more than half full.

ROVISED PILLOWS.

An improvement on the straw-filled pillow y be made by rolling up trousers or a soft t, or even by using a kit-bag with all the t articles packed on one side. It is an ellent plan, however, to take an ordinary e towel and roll it round the straw pillow fix it on with safety-pins. Unlike a pillow- e, which the more luxurious may burden mselves with, a spare towel may come in y useful to replace the one you brought its proper use.

f you have not had the forethought to uggle in an extra blanket of your own, ch your inner blanket roughly into a bag, ving only one end open, or fix it so with f a dozen safety-pins. An extra blanket y come in very useful at this time of year, en it is none too warm for sleeping in the en, and also one may thus be sure that the er blanket is clean, for the colour of an ny blanket may hide much.

SLOPING GROUND.

If the ground is not level, sleep with your ad above your feet, and not *vice versa*. Fill your waterbottle with cold tea rather an water if possible, and certainly not with rits. Whether mounted or unmounted, do t drink while actually on the march, and as tle as possible when temporarily halted. To keep the contents of a waterbottle cool hot weather, soak the felt casing in water. e evaporation will cool the bottle itself. Keep your boots, accoutrements, and sad- ery as soft as possible with dubbin or saddle soap. It will add to their appearance, durability, and comfort.

If you have not a clip or peg-strap for the tent-pole, lash two tent-pegs in the form of a cross to the pole. These will carry your haversack and belts or your clothes at night.

An old flannel shirt and trousers make the best sleeping suit, and it is advisable to keep your socks on.

To clean your knife and fork, dig them into the ground before washing them.

FOR YOUR OWN COMFORT.

Roll up the tent curtains every morning before parade, not merely because camp standing orders bid you to do so, but for your own comfort, that the tent may get thoroughly aired.

Never hammer a tent-peg in perpendicularly; set it pointing inwards at an angle of 45 degrees.

If you cannot obtain hot water from the kitchen for shaving, and cold water and soap irritates your skin in the open air, try one of those shaving creams which can be used without water. Any chemist can supply you with a tube.

The bag which is intended for the tent-pegs makes a very useful receptacle for rubbish or for keeping the boot-cleaning apparatus in.

The latter should, of course, be shared by the occupants of a tent, as should the looking-glass, clothes brush, "housewife," and similar articles. If you have been able to arrange beforehand with whom you will share a tent —as you will certainly endeavour to do if you are wise—you can agree each to supply one of these necessaries, and so can save the filling of your kit-bag with much unnecessary luggage.

J. GERVAISE.

WHEN YOU TRESPASS.

Whistling unconcernedly you stroll through the long lush grass of the meadow. It is a splendid day, and your terrier, capering about all round you, is enjoying it as much as you are.

But suddenly your pleasure is ruthlessly broken in upon by the arrival of a hard-visaged individual in rough tweeds and leggings, who introduces himself as Mr. So-and-So's keeper, and informs you that you are trespassing. He adds, pleasantly, that you shall be prosecuted.

But take no heed of his bluff. He wants a tip. According to the law, if you move off another person's property immediately on being informed that you are trespassing, nothing can be done to you. It is only if you refuse to go, or make any kind of resistance to the owner's authority, that you can be prosecuted.

HODGE'S SUNDAY.

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

I was lately, in a spell of real spring warmth, isolated in a little village far from any disturbing town elements. It was a place that seldom even heard the blare of the round-abouts at fair time, for it was clean off the beaten track.

Even the railway stopped short suddenly seven miles away, and, so to speak, shot its few patrons out on to the platform at the little terminus and left them to find their way into the hinterland as best they might, with the aid of a chance farm cart.

I had landed there with the aid of a bicycle, a good map, and an inherited or cultivated instinct for finding lost corners of the world. It seemed so far from everything that I determined to stay over Sunday, and enter into the serene jog-trot pace of the natives.

And I did not regret it. For Hodge on Sunday is, if possible, more entertaining than Hodge at work. In this little paradise of peace there was every inducement to be lazy and agreeable. There was one little pub, so that competition and jealousy was avoided. There was one little shop, which was also post-office; one little church and one little steeple; and one big parson and a hundred or so of Hodges.

It was, of course, an agricultural village, but what gave its chief charm as a background against which to study Hodge on Sunday was the fact that the village stood upon a little river, and, of course, boasted an ancient, fern-decked, mossy bridge, under which a quick and accustomed eye could catch sight of trout shooting like lightning from pool to pool, or lying with gently moving fins just above the pebbly bottom.

It was delightful to watch Hodge, in shirt sleeves and smoking his wooden pipe, lounging in his back garden during the early part of the morning.

But it was almost astonishing to note that the sound of the two tinkling church bells had hardly died away before Hodge had completed his toilet and was on the front door-step. He did his best to give his fellow villagers the impression that he had really tried hard to get ready in time for church and deeply regretted that he was just too late.

But I know Hodge. And so, having made a great effort—and failed—there was nothing for him to do but to stroll gently towards the bridge.

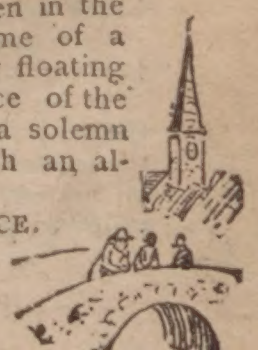
By eleven-thirty nearly a dozen Hodges were gathered on the gentle hump of the bridge. Some leaned meditatively over the low stone parapet, gazing stolidly down into the water as if mesmerised by its everlasting flow.

One or two were filling pipes with deliberation, and a few had risked the seats of their black broadcloth and were sitting with bent backs and dangling legs, with their backs to the stream, talking leisurely in monosyllables, and now and again breaking out into something approaching a laugh.

The morning drags on with delicious sloth until midday puts thoughts of the great dinner of the week into his mind, and home he goes just in time to avoid meeting the good folk who shortly afterwards come pouring out of church.

When the afternoon is well advanced—and the church bells are still again—Hodge foregathers on the bridge, and the pow-wow is continued far into the evening. As dusk falls there is added a contingent from the outlying hamlet and an isolated farm, and even in the darkness the occasional sudden flame of a match and the odours of village shag floating up the road tell of the continuance of the weekly gossip. Hodge's Sunday is a solemn feast and he observes its rites with an almost fanatical regularity.

M. BRUCE.



HOW TO EXCEL AT LAWN TENNIS

HINTS ON RACQUETS, PLAY AND TRAINING.

There is nothing more important to the tennis player than a good racquet. Great care should be taken in choosing one, as unscrupulous dealers are only too fond of foisting an inferior article upon the unsuspecting one. If the following tips are borne in mind, the tyro cannot go far wrong:

(1.) See that the grain of the wood runs evenly round the whole frame. Any frame with the slightest suspicion of a knot, especially if near the shoulder, should be avoided like poison.

(2.) The face should be absolutely straight, and, if the racquet be held in a perpendicular line with the eye, this can at once be ascertained.

(3.) The gut should be quite transparent, and the strings, if strung properly, should "ring" when struck.

(4.) The best weight is between fourteen and fifteen ounces.

(5.) It is much more economical to buy the best racquet obtainable; a cheap racquet is impossible to play with, as the gut soon frays.

The implement once having been purchased great care should be exercised in keeping it up to "concert pitch." It should be placed in a flat wooden press, and kept in a dry place. After being played with in the wet, it should be carefully dried, and any frayed pieces of gut replaced, after which gently dab both sides of the racquet with a soft towel.

THE OUTFIT.

Almost of as much importance is a really good set of balls; old balls, even if they have never been used, are useless.

Regarding shoes, there is nothing to equal a pair with smooth red rubber soles about three-eighths of an inch thick. Ribbed soles are not of much assistance, as they soon get clogged up.

In wet weather "steel points" may be used—of course, in a leather sole. Always wear thick woollen socks, as thin ones only rub the feet, and are very tiring.

The best way for a novice to get an idea of the different strokes is to watch a tournament or a match between really good players. He should then choose some particular player, preferably one about his own height and build, and strive to emulate him.

However, a few hints at random may not be amiss, and if practised by the tyro, will lead to good results.

SAVING YOURSELF.

Always avoid flourishing the racquet unnecessarily about when making a stroke, as this only tires the player, and does not add in the least to its effectiveness. The first service should always be the harder, but this is no reason why a sound second service should not be developed also.

The service should never be a short one, as the idea is always to place the striker at as great disadvantage as possible.

Remember that it is much easier to volley an ascending than a descending ball.

In driving always keep before you the aim of getting as good a length on the ball as possible.

In the backhand stroke—a great stumbling-block to a beginner, who invariably tries to rush round the ball—the position of the body is the great thing.

It must be turned almost at right angles to the net, the weight being on the left leg until the moment of striking the ball, when it should be immediately transferred to the right, in order to get more power into the stroke.

The racquet in this stroke should be swung well up over the left shoulder and then brought forward with a full, even swing on to the ball.

Continually swinging a stick when walking is a good exercise, if performed in a proper way.

VOLLEYING.

In the volley the feet should be wide apart, the knees slightly bent, the upper part of the body thrown forward, and the racquet held horizontally across it by *both* hands.

The most essential, and therefore the most difficult, point to achieve is to make the return nice and crisp, and to keep the ball low.

Never volley from beyond the service line.

In "lobbing" the great requisite is length; a short lob is almost certain to be killed. Neither should the lob be higher than necessary.

To make a "twist," draw the racquet sharply across the body, from right to left, with sufficient force to make the ball carry the required distance. Practice is all that is needed. In returning a "twist" stand close to the spot at which the ball touches the ground.

Never try to make a winning stroke of the service.

In the single game Pluck—with a capital "P"—is needed, and plenty of it. Go on the court with a stern resolve to win.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Above all, keep your temper. Play like the sportsman you are. Don't poach unnecessarily. Be courteous to your partner, especially if she be a lady.

It is foolish to serve with all one's might during a single.

Cultivate two strokes: (1) a drive up the side line, (2) a drive well across the court.

Patience is a great virtue, and seldom possessed by the beginner at tennis.

It is not essential to be brilliant; but *tainty* is an absolute necessity.

When in training adopt as your motto "Early to bed; early to rise." Do not smoke to excess, and avoid all pastry.

Live quietly for a few days before the match.

A little iced water, with a dash of brandy in it, is the only drink permissible during play.

Play regularly, and go in for the cold tub every morning.

Keep up your heart and may the day go well with you!

C. GODFREY-KILSBY.

POINTS OF ETIQUETTE.

If a variety of implements is provided at a meal, be careful to use the right ones for each course—the tablespoon for soup; fish-knife and fork for fish; large knife and fork for joint, entrée, or fowl; small knife and fork for *hors d'œuvre* or savoury; dessert spoon and fork for sweets; teaspoon for ices.

* * *

Except in the case of fish, never use a knife or spoon where a fork can be used with ease alone.

* * *

Use the napkin and never the handkerchief to wipe the mouth or fingers during a meal.

* * *

There is a special glass for most varieties of wine—a shallow wide-cupped one for champagne, a small glass for sherry, a larger one for port, and yet a larger one for claret. Often the claret-glass is green, but this is somewhat old-fashioned. Small ruby-coloured tumblers or possibly wine-glasses are often provided, and may be used for hock or other white wines, or claret.

* * *

Always take off your right glove before shaking hands. Strictly, etiquette only demands that it should be removed when shaking hands with a lady (the custom is a relic of the days of hard steel gauntlets), but it is a courtesy to observe it when greeting another man.

* * *

Always answer an invitation to a meal as far as possible in the words in which it is given, and repeat the day and hour to prevent mistake. Use the third person unless the invitation was quite informal.

If the meal is informal, do not refrain from helping yourself to things that are within your reach until you are asked in many words by your host to help yourself. The food is put on the table for your use, and it is less embarrassing to all parties if you make yourself at home.

* * *

Always introduce a gentleman to a lady and not *vice versa*. That is to say, give the gentleman's name first. Similarly if two friends are of different ranks or ages introduce the inferior to the superior.

* * *

It is very bad form to use gilt-edged or round-cornered cards, except for business purposes.

* * *

It is now usual to put "Mr." in front of your name.

* * *

The christian name or names may be inserted or not as preferred, but in no case should any abbreviation other than the initial be used.

* * *

A gentleman always leaves two cards when calling on a married couple, but only one on a widow or another man. It is not correct for a man to leave his card on an unmarried lady.

* * *

Cards should never be sent by post, except if necessary, in the case of "*p.p.c.*" cards which should be sent a week or ten days before leaving an address. The letters stand for "*pour prendre congé*"—"to take leave."

J. B. MARSTON.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG OFFICER.

II. GETTING THE UNIFORM.

My Dear Harry,

I can quite understand that you are disappointed your regiment is not at the front. On the whole, however, it is just as well you should get your recruit's drill over before you smell powder and shot. It would be rather humiliating to have to go back to the "goose-step" after having experienced the real thing. Therefore, "bide a wee" as the Scotch say.

It is indeed a coincidence that your regimental tailors should turn out to be my old ones, Lace and Mohair. You will find them a most respectable firm.

Your mother is none too well off, and your outfit will cost her a tidy sum, but I have impressed upon her the necessity of your having a thoroughly good one to start with. Not that your mother would grudge you anything, but your Uncle James, so I understand, has been suggesting that you might get your belts and sashes second-hand, and even have some of your uniform made by a local man. One might as well expect a bride to wear a second-hand dress.

However, to the regimental tailor you must go, and I am very glad of it, as I have seen many young fellows handicapped and humiliated by joining with badly made and cheap uniforms. You had better put yourself entirely in Lace and Mohair's hands. I have written to them, and they will look after you, and I have always found that the best comes cheapest in the end.

Of course, I do not counsel extravagance, and you need not accept as gospel Lace and Mohair's assurance that six dozen pairs of white kid gloves at 5s. a pair are a necessity to your existence.

Further, your Sandhurst tunic and mess jacket can be converted, and will do excellently as second-best. Athletic sports in the mess-room soon wear out a mess-jacket, especially a new-fangled one, which looks half as well and lasts half as long as the old one, which, on the score of economy, it replaced, though the economy is not obvious. As I am told it costs just as much and, as I say, lasts half as long.

Get your headgear at a regular helmet and cap makers, and don't get ready-made stuff. Nothing spoils a man's appearance so much as a helmet half-way over his nose, or a cap perched like an oasis on the top of his head. Similarly get your sword from a sword-maker, and see it tested. It is true that the old-glass is more the officer's weapon nowadays than the sword, but occasions might still arise when your life depended on a yard of steel, and in such a pass you would do ill to rely on a tailor's sword. The same with your furniture. Get good stuff; it will last you your lifetime, whilst cheap fittings would be in fragments after the first "haymaking" in your quarters.

Mufti you can please yourself about, and need hardly tell you to avoid anything loud. Aim at being so well dressed that no one will notice what you have on.

Take out several pairs of riding-breeches; these are things you cannot get well made out of England, and there is no saying when you may be home again.

Mangosteen has just dropped in to see me—am confined to the house with a touch of the out—and tells me that the Kidderminsters have a violent objection to green felt hats, and also to red ties. These are points you might make a note of.

I must stop now, and only regret the podaic fiend prevents my running up to town to sist you in your shopping.—Your affectionate

J.—— H——.

Another of these letters appears next week.—Ed.]

IDLE SUMMER HOURS IN THE SHELTERED COPSE.

The year still has all the tricks of youth in its behaviour, and a man cannot make sure from hour to hour how it is going to please or annoy him.

There are, however, moments, hours, and even days, when the tide of growing life seems to settle down to silent, serious work, making a delicious humming through the woods, and making the fields look calm and assured of the later fruitfulness.

The time has not yet come when it is a delight to stroll out of range of the sounds of the farm and settle down with pipe and book, or with neither, just alone, to laze away a warm and even sultry midday siesta.

But in sheltered spots the full breath of summer comes sometimes in warm waves across the fields, and there is a settled heat in the still atmosphere within the copse that carries the wind a long way forward.

MY HAVEN.

Such a spot is the copse where all my early summer hours of idleness are spent. It is one of those spots that no man has considered worth clearing of its many wildly straggling shrubs.

By a zig-zag, doubling, twisting course a little stream, now fast running dry, straggles through the copse from end to end. It enters with a leap down a two-feet bank, but soon dies down to a silent string of clear water, that at times is plentiful enough to attract a water-hen away from the great lake a mile or two up stream, of which this copse rivulet is the overflow.

This paradise for the mere idle, good-for-nothing rambler and lounger is not far from the high road; a sort of no man's land, where no man, except myself, ever goes. It is not the place to attract the farm labourer, or the party gathering flowers, nor even the picnic party from the snorting motor-car.

From the outside, thank goodness, it appears to have no features to attract, no seclusion to enjoy, no pleasant places in which to lounge.

AMONG THE UNDERGROWTH.

But inside it is different. In a bay formed by scrubby furze, now flaming yellow, an old dry tree-trunk has lain these ten years to my knowledge.

The bark is stripped, and weather and my own breeches have worn its shiny surface smooth.

A branch helps to make a perfect arm-chair, and here, out of the world so far as the world knows, but near enough to it to be able to watch it fret and fume, I lounge to-day in perfect content.

A Secluded Glade

Though hidden from view, I can see in many directions, and little escapes me, sleepy and indifferent though I may appear.

On one side the land rises up straightly towards a hill-top cover, now thick with green and impenetrable to the sight.

One narrow, neat grey-green gate admits to the inner depths of the wood, and the over-arching trees give it the appearance of a tunnel into green rocks.

It is silent and well kept, and one may look long at this gate and never see a soul enter or leave the wood.

THE ONLY VISITOR.

At an hour that I have learned from constant repetition, however, if you glance up at the gate you will see a quiet figure leaning easily across it from the inside.

If you look carefully, you will see a thin gleam of light running up the gate-post. It is the shining steel barrel of the keeper's gun resting there while he glances over the lowlands. He will soon come down to me, for he knows my habit—and he likes my tobacco.

Here we sit and chat about the game, the poachers, and the other things country-loving men will "crack" about.

Often I will bestir myself when it is time for him to move on, and accompany him to ever so many covers. And when not too near nesting pheasants he will hand me the gun.

Without a word we move on. I know his ways, and if we do not quickly come upon rabbits sitting out, I'm no judge of a man.

Bang! Bang! A right and left. And then the woods re-echo with the shots and the sound goes to and fro in the valleys.

SILENCE AGAIN.

Then for a few minutes everything is still and silent. The first voice to begin again is the stupid wailing, ridiculous laugh of a woodpecker, deep in the trees. He seems to set the other creatures at rest, for the shots are forgotten, and peace reigns again.

The keeper has drawn his long thin-bladed knife and with a thrust and a little push has locked the hind legs of the rabbits, making them easy to carry.

Soon it will be too late even for a casual shot, for the young birds will be out and woods must be kept quiet and free from sudden alarms. Otherwise the broods are apt to go elsewhere to quieter places, and the keeper's reputation, and pocket, suffer.

At the far end of the wood he fills his pipe again and we part, for the summer heat has got into my legs and I'm in no mood for a long tramp. One night I'll go round with him.

So back I go, dropping easily down to the stream again and following it right into the heart of the copse.

THE CARTER'S SONG.

The slow "crock, crock" of a heavy farm cart, and the long-drawn notes of the carter's voice come down the road. If the carter knew I was so near, he would cease his song at once, for carters are shy folk. But he sits huddled up on some full sacks, singing and whistling alternately, blissfully ignorant that someone is watching him.

Getting near the farm buildings he pulls himself together, and with an admonition to the horse—"Ho, gee, ock!" or something to that effect—the great brown shining creature follows suit, and they swing into the rough yard in splendid style, scattering the fowls in all directions, and evoking welcoming barks from the chained dog.

Appetite tells me that it should be about four o'clock, and that indoors there are endless dishes of home-made delicacies and green garden stuff, and a boiling kettle. The thought is enough, and I leave the copse to its own silence.

C. Easton-Grey.

TRAINING METHODS

HOW THEY DIFFER FOR DIFFERENT SPORTS.

Most men are wont to talk very glibly about training for sports, and in the case of some of them this glibness is warranted by their knowledge of the subject, but these are in a decided minority.

For the processes and methods of training for each different sport vary so much, and in many cases are so distinct one from another, that it would be well nigh impossible for one man to be familiar with every one of them.

But for the man who wishes to specialise in one particular branch of sport it is essential that he should be acquainted with the specific training methods required by it, for those common to one branch of athletics might be in direct opposition to those necessary for another. So that the following article enumerating the special processes of training for the most common sports may be of interest to a large percentage of our readers.

THE BOXER'S PLAN.

First of all, let us take boxing. In this case the secrets of training are fairly jealously guarded by the "fancy." When a big contest is to be fought, we read that each of the combatants is training in some more or less secluded place, and very little is told us about how he does it, but roughly this is chiefly his scheme of exercise.

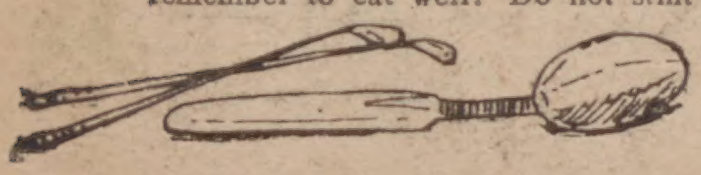
Sound all-round condition is the first aim of the boxer, and he works for this by means of long walks and runs, practised alternately. For instance, in the course of a six-mile walk, he will sprint a hundred yards every half mile or so, and now and then he will do a quarter of a mile at top speed.

Another very important feature of a boxer's training is walking on tip-toe. Not one day passes without his doing a quarter of a mile or so on the very tips of his toes. But anybody who tries it will recognise the exhausting nature of the exercise; so that it is easy to understand that the distances must be graduated at first.

EAT HEARTILY.

At the outset of training fifty yards, later lengthened to a hundred, will be sufficient, and then, as the leg muscles grow stronger and stronger, the distances should be increased, until a quarter of a mile can be done in this way without overdue fatigue. The benefits of "toe-walking" to the boxer cannot be emphasised too strongly.

As regards indoor exercise, light dumb-bell work in the morning, with special attention to the triceps muscle is practically all that is necessary; and in the matter of diet, always remember to eat well. Do not stint yourself. Err, if anything, on the side of heavy eating, for the exhausting nature of the training demands solid nourishment; and, after all, a boxer is not concerned to be what is called "fine-drawn."



RUNNING FOR FOOTBALLERS.

For football, of both codes, most of us know that skipping is an excellent exercise, "fine for sooplin' the j'ints," as a well-known Scottish player frequently observes; but the average amateur is not aware of the great benefits resulting from a course of track-running, especially hurdling. All professional teams, at the commencement of the season, spend a great part of their day on the cinder-paths; and hurdling is held to be specially useful in accustoming the muscles to the quick and spasmodic motions called for in the processes of tackling, dodging, shooting at goal under difficulties, and so forth.

With the methods of training for track-running we are, most of us, fairly well acquainted. We know that for sprints short bursts of speed over gradually increasing distances are the chief requirements, and that for long distances special attention to the "wind" is called for. In this respect, here is an excellent exercise for the diaphragm.

WALKING FOR CYCLISTS.

Stand erect at attention, with the arms extended straight up over the head. Then bend down *slowly*, without bending the knees, until you can touch your toes with the tips of the fingers. Then slowly straighten yourself to the original position. This exercise performed every day until there is a feeling of mild fatigue will be found of great benefit to your "wind" and staying power.

In conclusion, a word about cycling may not be out of place. Here strength of leg is the chief point to aim for; and the best way of attaining it is very simple. Walk long distances consistently. But you must *walk* and not stroll. Walk fast, stretching your legs to their full extent all the way; and you will find that in this way a mile will "take it out of you" far more than ten miles would, performed in your ordinary mode of progression.

L. R. BRYANT.

A BUSY CITY POST-OFFICE.

To the man who likes to be in the midst of hurrying humanity, and to observe all sorts and conditions of men and women, there is no more suitable place than a post-office in a busy City thoroughfare.

The swing-doors bang to and fro at the entrance and egress of a breathless concourse of people. Office-boys stagger in under a load of huge envelopes and parcels. Busy clerks rap the counter, and ask for fabulous sums worth of postage stamps. Fussy old ladies quaver out questions about the date of the mails for China. No wonder if, now and then, the hard-worked officials allow a trace of testiness to enter into their replies.

Observe that burly man in the corner, feverishly scrawling a telegram and glancing anxiously at the clock. His black boots with brown uppers, horsey waistcoat, and strident check suit proclaim him to be a bookmaker. He is a bit "fed up" with commissions for a certain horse, and he is "laying some off" with another bookie.

A melancholy, worried-looking man sidles up to the Poste Restante counter, and asks a question. The clerk shakes his head after searching among the letters, and with a sigh the other crawls away again. The expected remittance has not turned up.

To the student of human nature, a busy post-office possesses much that is attractive.

FIRST AID.

II. ARM BANDAGES AND SPRAINS

Last week I dealt with the general ciples of applying bandages, and more ticularly with the bandaging of the knee, and leg.

The illustrations given below indicate best method of protecting injured arms fingers.

The first shows a bandage for the which is simply put on in the same way spiral puttee, and can extend over any quired length of arm. It may be fixed, upper end, by means of a safety-pin, bandage may be slit down the centre for a dozen inches or so, and the two ends then taken round the arm in different directions and finally tied, not too tightly, in a secure knot.

An arm or wrist bandage with split for tying.

This kind of bandage is most often required for a sprained wrist or forearm. But sprain is a severe one, do not attempt bandage it without the direction of a for injudicious bandaging often has results.

On the other hand, you will find people who profess to have expert knowl and who will tell you not to bandage sprained limb nor to rest it, but to exerci as much as possible.

I once suffered at the hands of such a —he was a medical student at a *very* stage of his career, too young to have how little he really knew—but I was enough to take his advice, and I contin in spite of my sprained ankle, to try and golf on the very links on which the acci had occurred.

The result was that in a very few days ankle was swollen to an enormous size, badly inflamed, and besides the excruciat pain I suffered when I tried to use the the irritation became unbearable.

The doctor whom I eventually had to in promptly strapped the ankle up tightly evenly with sticking plaster, and placed that a firmly but evenly applied bandage And he prescribed absolute rest for a week.

What I should have done in the first stance was to lie up and apply cold to the injured joint. This can be done by a frequent application of bandage or even a loose handkerchief soaked in cold water, or by allowing cold water from a tap to run over it at intervals. With a syphon arrangement this can easily be rigged up so as to drip upon it and keep the bandage soaked.

A finger bandage.

But the beneficial effect of cold will not for much more than twenty-eight hours, then the limb should be bandaged firmly the manner already described.

The second illustration in this column picts a simple bandage which is useful in of any injury to a finger. It may be ployed in the case of a broken finger the addition of a splint on the under or it may be used merely to bandage a or similar abrasion.

Start from the bottom of the injured finger at the back, leaving a sufficient length the bandage to go round the wrist, and roll the bandage, which should not be more than an inch and a quarter wide, up to the top of the finger and down again. Bring end across the back of the hand and fix pass it once round the wrist and fix it a safety-pin, or by splitting it and tying two ends.

L. D. COTTON.

PLETE SHORT STORY.

TROOPER KERNAHAN AT CAMP

JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

the town of Brynhilton, h is perched on the eastern f England, there is a pleasant valley be- jagged-edged cliffs—a valley that finds r with those in authority who fix the of regiments' annual training-grounds. try, Artillery, and Cavalry had sojourned space on that pleasant cup-like plain, he surrounding little hills had in turn re- ded to the clatter of Artillery, the tramp e Foot, and the gallop of Cavalry.

w, it was men who wore shoulder chains f silver, and yellow-plumed helmets of shed brass that occupied the town of which were set out, with due regard to onsideration, in four white cone-topped es, with the green space forming, from ll view, a perfect cross of St. George. that hill view it would have been hard ake any distinguishing mark between one and another. Had you, however, walked on to the plain and struck "B" Squad- corner square, you might have hit on a very much distinguished from the others marked in white chalk letters on the de- grey of the canvas, "Liberty Hall."

w, at the camp of King's Own Royal ment Blankshire Yeomanry it is the habit nt-chums to support one another in most s, the only unwarrantable offence—uncon- ble and for ever unforgiven—being the xing of a man's towel. But it was in this "Liberty Hall" that tumult and affright ed.

e chink of teacups in tents where luxury been extended to a patent paraffin-gas , had barely subsided (half the occupants hopping about bootless on a mission to opposite borrowing studs, which are ve things at camp), when a boot, flung a certain precision, momentarily indented anvas of "Liberty Hall," and from all the lines came a chorus of:

top arguing the bloomin' toss, there, ty Hall!"

tow the babble. Shut up. Ring off. ll wake the baby!" and so on.

ove all this rose the strident voices of pers Stephen and Alexander, vowing their tion of slaying both Carteret and Kerna- of excommunicating the pair for ever ever, and such like dire penalties.

side the tent Kernahan, a picturesque e in an officer's ancient mess-jacket, pur- l from the Sergeant-Major's miscel- ous collection, lounged on his bed and nought but "ask Carteret," who in turn "Ask Kernahan. He'll tell you all about

Hang it all," said Alexander. "How more of this do you think we're going tand? For half an hour we've stood at maritime friend's beck and call in the rs' mess 'savvying' to blazes, and salut- you—getting nothing but officers' wig- s in return, and now you refuse to tell us bout it! What was the game. Why——"

I vote we scrag 'em both," said the hefty per Stephen, desisting from the occupa- of cleaning his walking-out Wellingtons completely extinguishing Kernahan's face a well-aimed military cloak. "Sit on chest, Alec. Make 'em unburden their y souls. I'll metaphorbolise young Car- when I've finished this boot."

lexander sat on his friend's chest htily and unreservedly. "Alec, I'll swear re the handsomest chap in Squadron 'B' aight you are," gasped Kernahan. "Can't why they don't make you a General. up. T'aint fair, sittin' on a man's tea. f! Let me get up.")

On conditions," said Alexander, warn- r. *All* right! Tell you straight, Carteret, o go. I shall have to give you away, my amorous young Don Juan. It's a pity, but it'll be a warnin' to you not to drag your elders into your *affaires* in future. (Alexander, I'll swear you've marked all these beastly brass buttons on my Little Mary.) Chuck us a cigarette, someone. . . . Thanks. I've a decided taste for your Turks, Stephen."

The tent-flap was momentarily darkened, and into the habitation of the Four entered Sergeant Hall, his face bronzed with a week's exposure to the sun.

"What's on?" he asked, "what's up with the—the Elusive Pimpernils here? Good gosh, Kernahan, but you look the 'complete' Duke." He seated himself comfortably upon Stephen's bed and selected a cigarette from Stephen's case, no one questioning. The contents of a cigarette case at camp are the property of—the Regiment!

"By the way," he added, casually, "that ass Kempney flung my left Wellington at this tent just now. Seen it? Oh, here it is. Ricochetted under the bed, Kernahan."

"Yes," said Kernahan, cheerfully, "talking about flinging boots——"

Alexander cut through his sentence. "You'll be flung, if you don't go on with the explanation you started a moment ago—regarding young Carteret's amours——"

Carteret, attention wrapped in a learned authority on signalling, merely remarked that the "babblers" made him tired.

"Soul-less brute!" said Kernahan. "My boy, I won't spare a blush——"

"Bet you can't make me, anyway," said Carteret, comfortably.

"Can't I? Gentlemen, let me just inform you that it was precious little lamp-reading that your hidalgo practised last night. When he said that he thought the clear atmosphere presented a favourable opportunity to improve his mind and our chance in forthcoming manœuvres, he was utterly fabricating. You know how he persuaded me to join him, Stephen?"

"I do. The temptation of a lobster mayonnaise could not drag you to supper with Hall, Alexander, and me. *Proceed.*"

"I will. Well, having left this tent to assist the joker at signalling, naturally enough the first place I made for was the Regimental Quartermaster's tent, where the night lamps were temporarily housed. We were almost bang on top of it, when Trooper Carteret, there, plucks at my sleeve.

"'Where are you off to, you blind owl,' he said. 'Don't you think I've enough *official* signallin' to do for *my* simple needs?'

"This, I must confess, rather surprised me. I had been ambuscaded on that line anyhow.

"'Look here, Kernahan,' he went on, still tuggin' at my cloak, "fact of it is, I'm goin' to meet a lady. I only put in that swank to the others and bagged you for effect,' he says. 'But as you've been a pal in this matter I'll introduce you to the very best thing in girls in Brynhilton!'"

The assembled Yeomen with one accord roared. Trooper Carteret stolidly proceeded with *dicta* on the method of logging messages.

"I won't bother you with the precise remarks I ladled out to him about emulating George Washington, etcetera. Suffice it to say that at the end of the time young Carteret asked me why I didn't apply for the Sergeant-Major's job right away. By this time we were out of the lines, and making for the Brynhilton Parade. . . . Somewhere below the shoulder of the cliff there was a band in the Marine Gardens playing a waltz——"

"Lehar's 'Gold and Silver,'" Carteret put in.

"Yes. From that famous comic opera, 'The Amorous Trooper,'" Kernahan winked. "Well, you know where the path along the cliff begins. We walked along there, me doing a little verbal snapping occasionally, just to preserve Carteret in a respectful frame of mind, as you would say. We went down the cliff sides at the first lot of steps.

"'Now, I'll bid you ta-ta,' says Carteret, clean forgetting his promise.

"'No you jolly well don't,' said I. 'If the lady turns up—and very often they don't—I'm on that introduction.'

"You see, boys, I'd twigged something smart, but simple, about fifty yards distant, coming along at a fast, but graceful, walk beautifully alone. Hall, *you* wouldn't have trotted off."

"I should have stayed and cut the blighter out," said Sergeant Hall, unreservedly.

"We-ll, it almost entered into my plan of campaign, when Carteret snaps to me all of a sudden:

"'Don't you forget, you're *Lieutenant* Kernahan! . . . By a similar stretch of imagination I'm *Lieutenant* Carteret. Our uniform being so swanky, *she* thinks I'm an officer. She said so when I'd known her ten minutes yesterday afternoon. Of course, I couldn't deny it, after so long an acquaintance!'"

Sergeant Hall gasped.

"Great Gorleston!" he exclaimed. "Pity the poor K. O. *That* lazy brute on the bed there a-h-officer h-and a gentleman! My godfathers! Consider me resigned, struck off the strength—under Clause something or other of the Territorial Act!"

Trooper Kernahan nodded his head in total agreement.

"My sentiments precisely," said he "But what was I to do? Within five seconds of this bombshell's bursting I sort of dimly heard myself being introduced as an officer of the K. O. right enough, and with a sort of instinctive penchant for acting up to my part, I suppose I must have preserved the necessary demeanour. Then came the utter defeat of Carteret:

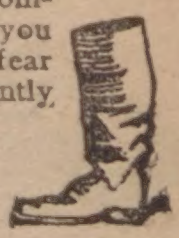
"'I'll go,' said I and mumbled something vague about dinner at the mess in support of that arch prevaricator, there.

"'Surely you will come with us as far as the Marine Gardens, Mr. Kernahan,' said she. 'Mr. Carteret, I'm sure, will not mind——'"

"I didn't," said Cartaret savagely from the bed. "A most ordinary girl in my estimation. Dull. No conversation!"

"Not to *you*!" Kernahan flung across the little space that divided them, and the tent yelled delightedly. Sergeant Hall, with beaming eye and nodding head, was drinking it all in as a rare draught of wine.

"Having a mind to see how Carteret comported himself and with no other idea (you can stow that grin Carteret, or I shall fear you misunderstand me) I fell in actin' jointly



with Carteret in charge of the Convoy——"

"Splendid!" Trooper Alexander commented.

"I will cut a long list of triumphs over Carteret short," Kernahan went on, dropping an eyelid covertly, "by telling you that when we reached the Marine Gardens it was a natural thing that I should pay at the gate and go in with them. I could see the girl putting up with the presence of both of us because she could hardly hint to *one* gentleman of the party—a somewhat tongue-tied gentleman, Carteret—that he was *de trop*. (Again I trust you will not misunderstand me).

"The triumph of the gentleman who was not *de trop*, however, was but short-lived, my beloved hearers. . . . I noticed Miss Heath's pretty face pale a little. (I shall not stow it Carteret). I have a certain knowledge of the eternal feminine.

"'Your mother—you can see her,' I whispered. (Bad shot, Carteret. Mind the mirror for the whole tent's sake.). 'Leave it to me. The old yarn—I've met you here at a Regimental Ball!' I said.

"She was a gay, clever little thing. (That was nearer Carteret, but look out for Stephen's eye.) The Dowager—she looked as fat as a Duchess—positively beamed on me, and asked me if I was fond of horses. I told her I gave mine an apple every morning, and killed Carteret in her eyes for ever by saying that he did not believe in too much kindness to dumb animals. It was the tone I said it in that fetched her.

"'You must come and have supper with us,' said she. 'My husband serves the Government, too. You will have a lot to talk over. Come along, Violet.'

"So leaving Carteret to talk to *la grande dame*, I followed with Violet. (Bull's eye, Carteret)." *Wilbraham-Wynter on Signalling* caught the gallant Trooper well on the ear.

"Mr. Heath," Kernahan went on, rubbing the afflicted part, "I found to be an estimable sea-dog. He fully looked the part he took in the general scheme of things, which was the fairly remunerative one of the Chief Officer of Coastguards at Brynhilton. He led the calm life of an English Government official and judged the worth of his friends, it appeared, by the amount of solid comestibles they could consume. . . . Even Carteret gained a fair reputation for sincerity in this part of the programme. We were still very much Lieutenants, you will observe, and in that capacity the game was developing almost automatically for us, although we were not prepared for the mine, the excellent and ponderous Mr. Heath was going to spring under our very noses.

"'Every year,' said the jolly old gentleman suddenly, 'I get a written invitation from the officers to come and mess at camp with 'em. Of course, not knowin' one of the gentlemen, I've never accepted. But this time,' says he, 'confound me if I don't come and give you young fellows a look up—and to-morrow, too—seein' as you know my daughter so well!'"

There was momentarily a tense silence in the tent.

"Phew!" Sergeant Hall whistled softly.

"'To-morrow night, you must make up those reports, James," says Mrs. H., very severely. (I fancy she was frightened the old gentleman might get too much officers' mess special Scotch aboard.) 'Well, I'll come in the afternoon,' said he, 'at least—perhaps.'

"Mrs. H. smiled.

"'He won't. He always sleeps in the afternoons,' says she—and Carteret and I let our hearts slip back into their places again."

Troopers Stephen and Alexander began to see light.

"But this afternoon the old gentleman did *not* go to sleep, eh!" Alexander exclaimed.

"Got it at once, laddie. I was looking up Long Hill when I saw a burly figure coming down it.

"'My godfathers,' I said to Carteret. (You'd gone straying over the other side of the camp somewhere, Alexander and Stephen.) 'Isn't that Mr. Heath comin' down the hill?'

"'The devil!' says young Carteret. 'But it *is!*'

"Of course, as luck will have it, the mess is always empty in the afternoons, and this in particular, because the officers had lunched, by special invitation, with the Mayor.

"Anyhow, I bunked into the Sergeant-Major's tent, bagged this old mess dress for effect—as if officers would appear in mess dress in the afternoon! But we could find nothing else—and Carteret laid his hand on a sketchy-looking, starred and crowned patrol jacket of the Sergeant-Major's, which fitted him horribly. Then instructin' all boys to salute or be jolly well shot, we ran out to welcome the old gentleman all serene."

Kernahan smoked reflectively.

"I will say for the dear old boys that they savvied. There was some method in my madness, and saluted thirteen to the dozen when we conducted the old gentleman into the mess tent. While Carteret piloted the old man, I grabbed the mess steward.

"'If you smile or express the slightest surprise, I'm ruined for ever, William,' I said. 'I shall be drummed out of the regiment. Have my buttons and crests torn off in front of the four squadrons,' I said. 'Salute, obey my orders, and, above all, don't laugh. When you have laid tea for three, send for Alexander and Stephen.'

"Well, barrin' the fact that he did make the cups rattle a bit to hide some emotion outside, William was *the* prize mountebank.

"We crammed the old gentleman with tea and toast, and then, thinkin' we were runnin' it rather close, we called officially for Stephen and Alexander——"

"And we had to come up stiff as starch and salute," said Alexander, discontentedly, "and be called 'My men.'"

Kernahan laughed.

"Then you see, Hall, I apologised to Mr. Heath because we had much documentary work to do before dinner.

"'Ah, all play and no work makes bad soldiers,' says he, genially. 'And you young fellers are of the right sort, I can see. Not up to larks like most of these here Territorials.'

"'No, Mr. Heath,' says old Carteret 'These are serious times.'

"'Well, good-bye,' says I, 'these two men will show you round the camp, Mr. Heath, I wish you a very good afternoon!'"

Trooper Alexander broke in.

"He actually had the cheek to order us to be specially attentive to the——"

"Guest of the Officers' Mess," said Trooper Kernahan.

ABOUT BELTS.

The approach of the up-river season, and the rapid increase in the warmth of the sun's rays, will, no doubt, this year, as in years gone by, encourage a large number of men to discard waistcoats, and walk abroad resplendent in soft-fronted shirts and flannel trousers, supported by a belt.

And the enhanced comfort of the latter article of apparel may lead them to adopt it permanently; but this is an unwise thing to do. When one has been accustomed to the support given to one's frame by braces, the sudden adoption of a belt is apt—especially in the case of sedentary workers—to bring on a round back. But if a belt is indispensable to your soul's happiness, a short spell of extension exercises, night and morning, will make things all right.

THE CYCLIST'S WATERLOO

HOW HE OFTEN MEETS IT IN CITY TRAFFIC.

No doubt there are many readers of THE MODERN MAN who cycle, or used to do so, to and from business for the purpose of saving time and money. I myself am now included among those that "used to do so."

How I met my Waterloo I will leave to later. Meanwhile let me describe one or two of the incidents that happen to the city rider in the course of his journeyings to and fro.

First, he is perhaps riding through the "slummy" parts that skirt the city. He notices, about thirty yards or so away, a corpulent middle-aged "lidy," usually a "widder" woman with five.

She is standing on the kerb affectionately embracing a large bundle about twice as big as herself.

The rider rings the bell, just to let her know he's there, and immediately she rushes out upon him like the proverbial bull at a red rag.

Sometimes the two collide, and the cyclist gets a buckled front wheel for his pains.

If he is more fortunate and keeps a cool head, by dint of much dodging he manages to avoid her and pursues his way followed by much "language."

So he arrives among the cabs and the cabby ranks. You see him passing a "crawler," and suddenly the horse is drawn across in front of him at right angles.

In this respect "taxi" drivers have become quite as expert. It is not at all good for the poor old cyclist's nerves and it sometimes comes expensive. He gets the worst of it in all ways. For one thing he can't sweer as well as cabby.

In passing between a rank and a slow going heavily laden cart he often endangers his life, for cabby, catching sight of a prospective "fare" insists on making his horse do a cake-walk all over the rank and road before starting.

A word about manual labourers (bricklayers and others) working in the city. These gentlemen prefer to walk in an alternating double column at a distance of about two feet from each other.

When crossing the road they do so in a slanting direction instead of going straight across, and the poor old cyclist, chased by a motor-bus, and endeavouring to cut through, meets with disaster anyway.

Either he has visions of hob-nailed boots spoiling his beauty or, if he prefers it, of going up affectionately at the under side of the bonnet of the motor-bus and listening to be playing what seems to him to be the March.

My own little pantomime was enacted as follows:—

Act I. Scene 1.—I leave my house with the bike somewhat later than usual. That means that time has to be made up somehow or other.

Act I. Scene 2.—At the tramway terminus. Road greasy. Myself and bike unable to get out or the points. Light trolley coming towards me at sixty miles an hour, so it seems.

I jump off just in time and turn round to find the horse trying to ride it. He gives it up as a bad job and I pick up what's left. Charitable motor-bus drivers advise me to be generous and give it away or sell it for old iron, but I take refuge in a station.

Act II. Scene 1.—Interior of cloak-room. I arrange to have it sent home at OWNER'S RISK.

Act II. Scene 2.—The remains arrive home at dinner time, and I wanted them to get home in the dark.

ALFRED SMITH.

HINTS ON PIPE-COLOURING.

BY J. E. BANTING, OF FULHAM, THE WELL-KNOWN EXPERT AND COMPETITION JUDGE.

Pipe-colouring is a very popular hobby—deservedly so, for besides combining a ... of interest with the enjoyment of to-..., it enables us to lay up a stock of black ... glossy beauties—whether clays, cala-..., or meerschaums—whose presence in ... or rack or on our mantelpiece will give us a ... feeling of justifiable pride and pleasure when-... our gaze rests upon them.

... though so many men are devotees of ... art of pipe-colouring, it is strange that ... a small percentage of them are ac-...inted with the vital points that make for ... s. The following hints, therefore, may ... be out of place.

First of all, in selecting a clay for colour-... choose one the bowl of which is sym-...rical in shape—that is with no angles or ...nings on the surface—a bowl, in fact, ... as though it had been carefully ... upon a lathe.

The next step is to soak it—I am talking ... solely of clays—in plain cold water for ... hours. Then let it dry *thoroughly* in ... comfortably on a piece of clean stone ...rable. Your pipe is now ready for ...ing.

... people have an idea that they should ... gloves to colour a pipe. This is a fal-... The object, of course, is to avoid any ... of the fingers with the hot bowl of the ... a contingency which would produce ...s on the bowl which no amount of rub-... would cause to shine as a properly col-... pipe should. But the way to attain this ... is not by wearing gloves.

... over the bowl—and part of the stem—of ... pipe with chamois leather, or, failing that, ... material, such as stockingette, will ...

... fact, the common practice of the miners ... North Country, who are great clay-pipe ...ers, is to wind hemp round the pipes. ... important object in doing this is to ... any exudations of nicotine from the ... as it ... are allowed to dry upon it, ... rough spots, darker than the ..., which will spoil its appearance ... inevitably disqualify it in a col-...competition.

... much depends, too, on the way a pipe ... many—I may safely say ninety-... of a hundred—men press the to-... the bowl with the index finger—...mistake.

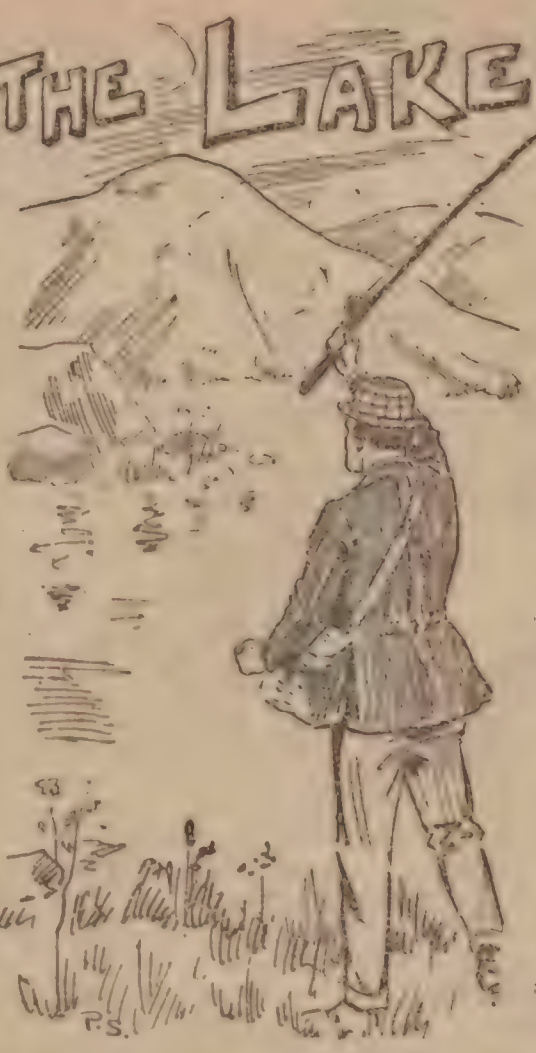
... is the way to fill a pipe for colour-...ace a small pipeful of tobacco in the ... of your left hand, and hold the ...pening of the bowl over it. Then press the ...pipe on to the tobacco, and by means of a ...ently revolving ... motion, from left to right, ... coax the tobacco in. In this ... pipe is filled uniformly all through ... to the quantity that is required.

... the above hints—with the exception of ... in water—apply equally to meer-... and calabashes, the only necessary ...k with regard to the latter is that, when ..., the stems should be cleared, not ... a hat pin or any stiff instrument, but ...some soft wire, such as fine electric fuse ... Ordinary wire scratches the inside of ... and will often go right through; ... when this occurs the pipe will be ruined.

... a pipe is coloured and left to ... colour will always be found to ... a little, but with a little further smok-... the lines shown above, it will speedily ... and even become intensified.

... light your pipe with *wooden* ... or spills, and *never* at a candle, ... gas-jet.

LURING THE LAKE TROUT



A FISH THAT IS WORTH CATCHING.

Fishing for lake trout has its peculiar charms, not the least of which is the possibility, amounting almost to a probability, of catching a "whopper."

Of course, you may only hook a wretched "sprat," but lake trout usually run large, and ten-pounders are common enough, while the record lake trout, caught on Lough Derg in Ireland, scaled 29lb.

Then lake fishing is usually easy to obtain. The hotels in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales generally have fishing rights over the lakes near them, and the visitor can obtain a good day's sport at a trifling cost.

Finally, lake fishing does not call for the same degree of skill required of the angler in clear streams.

You want a fairly stiff 11ft. 6in. rod and fairly coarse tackle, though if the day be bright and you are casting from the shore, your gut can hardly be too fine, consistent with playing a heavy fish.

Lake trout have a distinct partiality for bright flies. In Wales small flies are used, but in the North of Scotland large ones are preferred.

A noted North of Scotland "killer" is the Zulu—which is a large black hackle, ribbed with silver twist, and with a red tail.

FROM THE SHORE.

Rough-bodied flies, if you can tie them yourself, are often more deadly than the neatly-tied, shop-made flies. You may fish either from the shore or a boat. The former is perhaps the more sporting method, but it has some special difficulties.

Of the shores of a lake the best for fishing purposes is that which is most exposed to the wind; but this means that you will have to cast out against the wind, which takes some doing. The best plan is to place yourself so that you can cast *across* the wind.

Three flies on the cast are enough as a rule, and they should be drawn slowly across the waves, with the top dropper just skimming the water, so that the tail fly will sink a little.

On a calm day one fly is enough, and a good plan is, having marked down a rising fish, to cast into its ripple, let the fly sink almost to the bottom, and then slowly draw it up.

Rocky points and the mouths of streams are favourite lurking places of lake trout.

FROM A BOAT.

Fishing from the shore, you will often have to wade, but don't go wading without first having found out that it is safe, for lakes often abound in sudden deep holes, or shelve precipitously. There is no need to go very deep, for the trout often come in shore to feed.

Whether fishing from the shore or a boat, a landing net is necessary. The great thing to remember in landing a lake trout, or any fish for that matter, is to put the net down in the water so that with the rod you can draw your prize over and into it, and not to attempt to scoop the fish out with the net. Get him over the net, and you have him safe, lunge at him with the net and you will very likely break the tackle, and fill your soul with mortification and your mouth with swear-words.

Now we turn to fishing from a boat. This is a simple matter. Indeed, the cynical aver that the principal article of the lake-boat-fisher's equipment is a two-gallon barrel of beer or a very large flask of whisky. Certainly, if you are in Scotland or Ireland, and employ a boatman, a generous provision of the latter fluid is very necessary, or you will not be shown the best spots, nor have I ever known Welsh boatmen show any marked aversion to a "drop" (about half a tumblerful) of "Scotch."

The best place if you have not a boatman, and there is much breeze, is to let out a rope with a stone attached from amidships on the windward side of the boat, and then slowly to drift sideways over the best fishing grounds. These are usually rocky shallows, and the edges of reed and weed beds.

Don't cast straight out from the boat (I am assuming that there are two of you, one at each end), but rather to one-side, and the flies should be drawn across and not against the waves.

When there is much wind, draw the line very slowly, and let the wind take the flies in the direction in which you are drifting.

TROUTS' TRICKERY.

The great danger when you have hooked a fish is that he will try to bolt under the boat, and thus snap your tackle, and you must be ready to keep him out by raising the rod and shortening line.

"Dapping" with May-fly is sometimes practised, especially on the Irish lakes.

You want a pretty long rod, 14ft. to 18ft., and light bamboo if you can "run to it."

You find your flies on the lake, particularly on its windward shore, and the hook is put in and out of the back of the fly and between the wings, so that the fly will float feet downward on the water.

Only one hook is used, and only one fly on it at a time, unless the water is very rough.

The boat should drift with the wind and not be checked in any way, and the great thing in dapping is to keep the fly, and the fly only, on the water, though at first you will probably find it difficult to keep the gut clear of the water.

GOOD SPORT AND EATING.

Lake trout are also taken by spinning or trolling, but that has already been dealt with in THE MODERN MAN, and they are also taken with the worm.

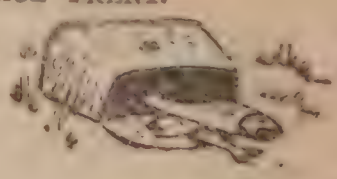
But the fly is the best sport. What is success going to bring you? Well, it depends where you are fishing; but there are two varieties of lake trout that deserve special mention. The one is the gillaroo, the other the ferox. The gillaroo is short, thick, golden-bellied, and large spotted with a peculiar lump in the belly.

The ferox is a very big cannibal lake trout, who has taken to feeding on his own kind. He is a rare fighter. And the ordinary brown and yellow lake trout is a pretty bold chap, and devilish good eating.

The ferox, or, to give him his English name, the "great lake trout," is principally found in the lochs of the Highlands of Scotland, and also in many of the Irish lakes. His flesh is red, and externally he is usually a deep purplish brown above and a greyish yellow below.

He has comparatively few spots, and is distinguished from the common trout chiefly by his long snout and the position of his fins. He is more easily caught by trolling than with the fly.

WALLACE TRENT.



WHERE MEN FORECATHER

LXIV.

THE NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

Formerly held at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, but now located at Olympia, the Royal Naval and Military Tournament is one of the most exhilarating spectacles imaginable, except, perhaps, in the jaundiced eyes of the more egregious members of the Independent Labour Party and Social Democratic Federation, who hate anything that is clean, anything that is manly, anything that is sporting, anything that is patriotic a good deal worse than the devil hates holy water.

To people, however, who have got blood, not barley-water, in their veins, who are proud of their country and her defenders, who take a delight in vigorous manhood, the Naval and Military Tournament is an entirely satisfying spectacle—filling the eye, warming the heart, and stirring the senses.

A BRAVE SHOW.

The pick of the Navy, the flower of the Army, engaged in contests that call for the highest qualities of skill, strength, and good sportsmanship, what more could one want in the way of soul-throbbing entertainment? With such a huge programme, the difficulty is to know what to single out for mention; but I suppose the musical ride is the tit-bit for most people—certainly for the ladies.

Purely "theatrical" though it be, the musical ride by the smartest cavalry regiment on home service is a fine sight. A pleasing thrill runs through the vast audience as the gay troopers jingle in, and the ladies, of course, go into raptures over the "darling" gee-gees.

Their ecstasies are excusable; the horses are more than good to look upon, groomed to the last degree of perfection, their coats shining so that you could see your face in them, and trained to such a point that really the riders are almost unnecessary—I believe that, were you to put the ribbons in their mouths, they would plait the Maypole by themselves.

MEN TO ADMIRE.

The troopers, too, are a "bit of orl right," as 'Arriet fervently remarks. Utility has not yet shorn them of all their glories of scarlet, and blue, and gold; hollow-backed, flat-thighed, they are part and parcel of their horses, and horsemen not to be beaten the world over.

The riding-master is a picture by himself—frock-coated, with overalls into which he seems to have been poured, boots that fairly split your eyeballs with their polish, moustache waxed to long needle-points, and a voice that almost rasps the paint off the woodwork.

Good old Currycomb, most people mistake you for the colonel of the regiment, and you yourself would find it hard to believe that you were once a hollow-chested, round-backed office-boy, with pipe-stem arms and legs, and an unwashed neck inside a tall collar. Cavalry life has made a man of you, and you repay the debt by faithfully making men and horsemen of the raw lads that come to your capable hands.

The gun-driving by the Royal Horse Artillery strikes a sterner note, and there is something very fascinating about the silent, sinister guns. The men are splendid; they have got to be. Your lancer, dragoon, or hussar is trained in a hard school, but it is a kindergarten compared with the curriculum of the horse-gunner.

He carries his life in his hands even at play; a slip, a momentary inattention, and he is under the wheels to rise no more. There are no flies on the horse-gunner — he is just about the toughest proposition in blue and gold that ever was.

But perhaps the biggest shout of all goes up when the boys of the Fleet trot in, handling the long white-painted 4.2's as if they were pop-guns. It is really marvellous how they toy with tons of iron and steel, and there is not a heart but beats the faster when the "handy man" takes the floor.

Then there are the lads from the Duke of York's and other naval and military schools, trim little chaps, keen as terriers, sharp as sabres, chucking their chests for all they are worth; there are the gymnasts from Aldershot, the bridge-building "sappers," performing pontoon-prodigies in the final grand assault, there is the team-jumping, and last, but not least, there are the individual competitions.

DEATH OR VICTORY.

These are grand sport, for every man carries the honour of his regiment on his back; and, metaphorically, it is "death or victory" every time.

If you want to see real, good sporting contests, no quarter asked, none given, then hie you to Olympia and see the individual events.

Each man is the best that his regiment can produce, and, like the Spartans of old, he goes into the fight determined to come out with his shield or on it.

Bayonet *v.* Bayonet is great. The bayonet is the "foot-slogger's" weapon, and the "foot-slogger" is the backbone of the British Army. Point, parry, thrust, guard, the combatants circle round each other, each striving to get within the other's guard, and then, like a flash, one drops on his knee and thrusts upwards at his opponent's midriff.

TRIALS OF SKILL.

Sword *v.* Bayonet is highly interesting. Bayonet must at all costs keep Sword off with his point; he is done the moment Sword can get to close quarters. Sword, on the other hand, is powerless unless he can get inside Bayonet's long reach, and so it resolves itself into a pretty duel of wits, full of cunning feints, sudden springs and recoils, until at last one or the net overreaches himself, and, so to speak, his head is off.

The barebacked wrestling on horseback is prime fun, and the horses enter into it as keenly as the men, sometimes too keenly, for I have seen a horse seize a trooper by the breeches and yank him off to the ground.

Tent-pegging, lemon-cutting, fencing, swordsmanship, ladder and wall scaling, and singlestick, it is a real athletic show, and worth going miles to see.

THE PRICE OF EMPIRE.

What of the spectators—a great and fashionable crowd. There is Royalty, smiling, debonair and gracious, in the Royal box. There are great generals and callow subalterns. There are pensioners and young privates, cavalrymen and hearty quid-chewing "Jacks," and there are also a great many "fine mammas." Some in silks and satins, some of dandified officers, some in rusty "blacks," and alleged velvet mantles "come from" New Cut to see Bill or Tom, "growed out of all recognition," performing prodigies of valour in the ring.

Between the matron of Mayfair and the "muvver" of the Old Kent Road there is a bond of sympathy—each has given a son or man to her country, each knows that for him she may have to pay the price of the privilege, a hard price, a price that is paid in a mother's tears, a mother's broken heart, the price of her son's life. But all the mothers of England, whether of high or low degree, have ever been ready to pay.

PETER GILL.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain over ten thousand potential friends who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a *P.O.* to cover price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westminster Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

OMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The Lesson

By R. D. CROMBIE.

caught him, and kissed him, and impudent face said unto him ....

PROVERBS.

I.

" no good," said young Strachey, ng a long silence with the abrupt

n equal abruptness he got to his feet. o good at all," he jerked out. "I've d the limit, so you may as well know it. , I'm going out."

bett his companion, and the sharer of rooms, laid his book face downwards on nee and looked at him.

ick of swotting?" he queried.

otting! I've been scowling into the or the last hour."

hen why didn't you speak before? I'm dy for a stroll as you are."

m going alone."

his ardent compliment to my ility——"

ah! You know what I mean."

bett smiled, but his eyes were grave. nt a swift glance towards the clock.

early nine," he said, "but not too late look in at one of the theatres, if you're able."

o, it isn't that," said Strachey.

bett watched the flushed face for a few nts from beneath quizzical brows.

o, I know it isn't that," he said, quietly. a matter of fact, I could feel your er cloud mood all the time, but I n't risk the lightning of your wrath by upting."

orbett, you won't make any difference by kind about it."

tuff, youngster!" Corbett stood up. "A the blues we're all of us subject to."

o, you're not coming. And you're per- aware you are deliberately misunder- ing me."

rbett slowly drew a silver case out of his ocket, selected a cigarette, and turned mantelpiece to get a spill.

chey followed every movement, his jaw

silence, Corbett stooped to the fire, lit ill and his cigarette, knocked out the on the grate, and stood erect, having le up his mind what to say.

not have it," he observed, "that I understand you better than you do lf?"

good," said Strachey. "I'm going I'm going for a purpose which you as well as I do. And I'm going

Corbett would not own himself beaten. rveyed the end of his cigarette, twist- about musingly:

our months ago," he said, "when you and said you had got a berth in on and were coming up here to live, me. An accountant myself, I thought I d be some sort of a help in coaching you r A.C.A. But that was only half the I was an old friend of yours, just old friend of your dad's, and— firmed bachelor likes youngsters' com- when he can get it."

mouth, always so strong and sympa- was touched with a smile.

You know you only wanted to look after flashed the other.

Why not?"

Pause followed the patient query.

" came," continued Corbett, "and we ks, long and intimate talks. As man we discussed everything."

ed till the other became impatient. knew more than you," he continued at It could hardly be otherwise. And see why you shouldn't have the bene-

fit of what bit extra I'd learned if I could manage it without the odium of preachifying."

"You managed it," said Strachey, briefly.

"The one thing—the only thing——" Corbett let the words sink in. "I explained eloquently upon what was the danger of going wrong. Not the morality, the danger!"

"And the folly," put in Strachey. "A phrase of yours was that the men who went wrong were principally fools or beasts."

"I don't withdraw it. And the result of these long and intimate talks was a bargain between us. I promised you and you promised me——"

"I remember well enough," Strachey cut him short. "Never mind your part of the compact. It was only your devilish generous way of treating me as a man as sensible as yourself. I promised you I wouldn't break out without letting you know in advance. Well, I'm keeping the promise. I'm going—out to-night—and that's what for. You needn't think I haven't fought. I have—but I'm nineteen and you're thirty-six. Young blood—oh, to hell with justifying axioms. I'm a beast, I suppose. But every man has got to be a beast at some time or other it seems to me, or we shouldn't be here."

"Wrong logic, Strachey. It isn't the deed; it's the partner."

"You would say I'm a fool then?"

"I should say at the present time you're merely impatient. A long striding walk under the stars—come now!"

Strachey stubbornly shook his head.

"No," he said. "I know when I've reached the limit."

"You don't," Corbett contradicted bluntly. "There's nothing blinds one's normal point of view so infernally as the fumes of sensuality, and nothing so effectually restores it as a spell of the open air, with both eyes fixed on the illimitable heavens, thinking for the time being be-damned to the earth. And in the morning—it's gone, and you wonder how it ever came."

Again Strachey shook his head.

"It's good of you," he said, "but——"

His fists clenched; the veins in his temples were standing out; his eyes glittered unnaturally.

Corbett's lips compressed.

"You'll have to be content to think me a fool," laughed Strachey through his teeth.

"Damn your folly! I'm thinking of the danger."

"And damn the danger! You don't imagine that's worrying me, do you?"

Corbett flung his cigarette away, realising that his argument had failed. But he made one more effort.

"Just now," he said, "you mentioned the difference in our ages. Very well. I'm thirty-six and you're nineteen—and I say—*don't*."

Strachey heaved with a deep breath.

"I'm going," he said.

"All right." Corbett suddenly became cheerful. "You'll find me sitting up when you come back."

"I shan't be back at all if I have my way," said Strachey recklessly.

II.

But he was.

The fire was out; the time past two o'clock; and Corbett was fast asleep in his chair when he was awakened by a hand gripping his arm and a voice saying:

"Corbett! For God's sake, Corbett—Corbett."

"Eh!" He started up. "What matter? . . . Ah, it's Strachey! on, youngster."

"Corbett, Corbett! Oh, thank God you're up!"

He was wide-awake by now, and prompt to act. That action was needed was evident from one look at the other's face.

Getting to his feet he took Strachey by the elbows and forced him gently into the seat he had just vacated.

"Sit there a minute. . . . Now, drink this. Yes, I know it's neat, but down with it."

"Oh, God, Corbett!"

"Yes, I know. I'm here. Take it easy lad."

"I ran all the way." Strachey's teeth were audibly chattering. "The horror! It's not true. I'll swear it's not true. It *can't* be true."

The raw spirit began to take effect. He bowed his head between his hands.

"Oh Lord, Corbett, how sick I feel!"

"You'll be better presently. Another drop. Never mind what's happened. Let's get you to rights first."

Strachey lifted a white, drawn face.

"You'd never guess what's happened," he whispered, with widely dilated eyes. "Not what you think. Yes, that as well. . . . But something else—something else. . . ."

"All right. The yarn can keep a bit. Here, have a cigarette. Whatever it is it's over."

"Over? It isn't over. Corbett, I've——" The whisper changed to a cry. "It can't be true! Oh Heaven, it's much too hideous to be true!"

Corbett drew up a chair in front of him and sat knee to knee, taking a firm clasp of his hands. This strange terror of his young companion was communicating a little of itself to him. He could think of no reason that would account for it.

"Listen, Corbett. You shall hear something. Oh, my gad! I've got a tale this time. I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word——The ghost in Hamlet! My gad, and I, too, have seen a ghost to-night. A living ghost. A ghost of flesh. Flesh, flesh, *flesh!* By gad, yes, a ghost of flesh."

"Now, *now*, Strachey. Don't, lad. You're hysterical!"

"Hysterical? Yes, I'm hysterical—or mad. I'm either mad, or as sure as there's a hell for adulterers, I held a ghost of flesh in my arms to-night. But listen. You shall hear it from the beginning. Oh, it would be a pity to spoil this story. I left you here and went—what was it?—blind with the fumes of—oh, yes, blind! It takes you to find the apt expressions, but delve in the blackest, deepest pit and you'll find no expression to fit my story. Only horror, horror."

"Strachey, *man*, pull yourself together."

"Yes, I'm calmer." But the thick, panting voice went on. "I went to the——. We've

seen 'em there before. Only seen 'em. But this time. . . .

"She was in the lounge. A stout woman. Gross incestuous beast that I am. But she'd got an accent with her talk. Oh, yes; quite refined. A strata of breed, I thought it then. By gad, the right breed, as it turned out!

"We had supper together. We drank. Yes, I drank all I could hold. I wanted to drown funk. But somehow I wasn't drunk. And I'm not drunk now—I only wish I were.

"I went home with her. Somewhere in Maida Vale. She'd got a flat of her own. Prosperous, I do assure you; mightily prosperous!"

He checked his laughter with sucked-in lips.

"We got chummy. Almost we might have been old friends. And I gassed away like one o'clock, simply from relief that I was feeling at ease. But when I told her my name and where I came from, she started."

"Started?"

"Yes, I saw her. But what did I care then? And she covered it quick with a laugh, and began to draw me out. Yes, she drew me out, and there was a devil in her eye. And every now and then she laughed, as though she'd got some sly little joke of her own. But what did I care then? I was only wanting——"

"And I got what I wanted." His voice shrank to a fine whisper. "And afterwards. . . . I'd liked her so far, but now, somehow, I wanted to get home. I didn't want to stay any longer. She seemed different."

Corbett nodded.

"And I suppose I showed it. For she got nasty, and she tried to make me. Then—then—oh gad, Corbett! have you ever seen a woman give way to abandonment? It made me cold. . . . And I tried to get away. And she suddenly turned queer. With her hair all tumbled she laughed—and she ran to a table and brought me a book—an album. And she showed me a photograph."

His eyes dilated.

"Corbett," he whispered, "a photograph of my mother!"

"Strachey!"

"Corbett, Corbett!" He laughed aloud. "Who d'you think that wanton was? My sister, Corbett. My *sister*!"

"O—o—oh," breathed Corbett.

"And that's when I ran—ran. . . . I was frightened," he moaned. "I'm frightened now. . . ."

"Your sister?" said Corbett. His lips were dry.

"Your sister?" he said again, sharply. "Which sister?"

"Hilda. The one who left home while I was in the cradle. Didn't you know? There was never much said about it. And in a big family the last-comers hardly know the first. I'd never seen her before to my knowledge. I'd only heard there was one—gone wrong."

"Hilda! You fool, Hilda's *dead*!"

"So they said at home. That's what we were told. But to-night—a ghost—either alive, or a ghost made flesh."

"She's dead, I tell you." Corbett shook him violently. "I saw her corpse with my own eyes. There's some ghastly mistake here, or some ghastly wickedness. Sit tight, Strachey. This has shaken me. I must piece it together—slowly. But look me in the eyes first, lad, and understand this. Your—poor—sister—Hilda—is dead; dead and buried.

"I went to the funeral along with your father and mother. The matter was kept quiet—what was the good of anything else, once her unfortunate life was ended? You younger children were spared the details. She ran away to London with some blackguard, who, of course, deserted her. Then she went wrong.

"I met her one night. . . . Strachey, you can take all this as solemn truth, for early on I had hoped for Hilda myself. Yes, that's my story. She was older than I, and I suppose she thought me a boy.

"But when I met her, I told her I'd be glad to look after her even then, if she'd let me. And she wouldn't. She'd gone to hell, she said. All the same I kept in touch with her, and it was I she sent for when she was dying. She was consumptive, you know.

"She shared a flat in Maida Vale with another woman—a stout woman, with a mole on her chin."

"Corbett, Corbett, this woman——"

"Yes, I'm beginning to understand now. Fair-haired was she, with china-blue eyes?"

"Yes, yes."

"And Hilda was dark—raven-haired—and always thin. She was like a skeleton when she died."

"Oh heaven, Corbett, if what you say——"

"It's gospel. Don't you see right through it? This woman—her companion—she recognised the name, and, inflamed by drink, probably enraged at your manifest revulsion of feeling, she chose that retaliation, no doubt rather on an impulse of spite than from real evil. She wouldn't think how dreadful it was till she had seen the way it affected you. And then your rushing away would give her no chance to explain."

He released Strachey's hands and stood up, looking worn and tired.

"And now, lad, we'll get to bed. We must try and bury this along with—other things."

"You're sure she's dead? Oh Corbett, if it's really true!"

"I will take you to see her grave to-morrow if you like."

"Then thank God!"

"Yes, it's a strange thing to thank God for. But I think you may. She's at peace now. . . . And you've had your lesson."

OLD BOYS.

Looking through the returns of Boy" athletic matches, one is apt, a public-school man, to be puzzled b titles of the various "Old Boy" clubs. rovians," of course, stands for Harrow and most people know that the old C house boy is an "Old Carthusian." "N hamists," just because it is so unusual, i pretty familiar as the correct descripti the Winchester boys, "old" or "new," I remember long wondering who the Salopians" were until informed that were the old boys of Shrewsbury Scho

Former pupils of Dulwich Colleg particularly recognisable as "Old Al but that is their correct style.

"Old Malvernians" (Malvern), leians" (Radley), and "Old Paulines Paul's) are all easy; but it is not ev who would recognise Christ's Hospi boys as "Old Blues," while how on one to know that "Old Chomeleians" for the ex-pupils of Highgate School are so known because their school founded by Mr. Hugh Cholmeley?

WHEN A MAN'S SEEDY.

No doubt it sometimes happens however good may be your general co to feel "seedy" or out of sorts. simply a sign, either that you have b dulging in over-late hours, smoking too or perhaps working too hard—the la the way, being one of the fundamental which is in the minority.

Here is a very important tip. Don any outlandish doses for seediness. will only tend to get you into a muddy of self-doctoring. When you feel just knock off smoking, go without "nightcap" you're used to, and speedily be as right as a trivet again.

FIELD-BALL.

Field-ball was invented by Mr. J. M. Walker about twenty years ago.

It is a mixture of cricket, baseball, and rounders, and it is a capital substitute for cricket when it is impossible to get together two elevens of anything like equal strength or when there is not time for a regular cricket match.

Eleven a side is the usual number of players, though you may have fewer or more.

The diagram shows how the field is arranged, but it may be added that the four bases are twenty-five yards apart, and that the length of the pitch is 15 yards, against the 22 yards of ordinary cricket.

The bat should not be more than two and a half feet in length, nor more than two and a half inches in diameter, while the ball should not be more than two and a half inches in diameter. Both bat and ball therefore are smaller than at cricket, but ordinary cricket stumps are used.

Diagram showing the position of the players in field-ball.

The bowler must deliver the ball underhand not faster than medium pace, and unless the ball pitch within four feet of the wicket, it is an unfair ball, and does not count.

The batsman is ou is bowled or caught cricket, or if he is p the ball thrown by a when he is running base, which reminds me that after hit trying to hit three balls the batsman m to the first ba

Runs are as follows batsman hits and succeeds ning right ro circle before bowler has th returned to t grounds it ma small circle marks its p one run is sc

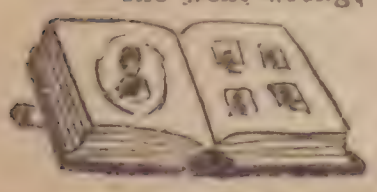
If the fi grounds the gets home, before the runner must and return base he has

Two cate the whole and the whole are out or five batsm been dismi Six runs is the maxi and I shou mentioned

ting behind the wicket is not allowed.

The chief points about field-ball are that be made short or long as desired, every a knock, and it is fine training for catch fielding.

B. C. P.



ERICS OF VARIOUS
REEDS WHO ARE
MENACE TO THE
CHURCH.

BAD PARSONS

The first on my list of "undesirable" who are breeding rottenness in the is the clerical cadger.

renthetically let me say that when I use terms "parson" and "Church," I by no eans intend to refer exclusively to the Church England and her ministers; my charges brace the Christian Church as a whole and nisters of all denominations, from Jesuits to outh Brethren.

Now, in regard to the clerical cadger, it is sible to feel considerable sympathy with or at least with many of his species.

is most rife in the Church of England, he is often the unfortunate victim of a system of Church finance, which drives to highly dubious methods of raising y for the work of God.

PARSON'S DILEMMA.

n a great many cases the Rector or Vicar a parish finds himself in this position: pro- y to administer his parish he requires a cer- income, and the amount that he can raise ordinary means, such as offertories, pew- and so on, is far short of the necessary and he must either dip into his own there is anything in it, or cadge, both and outside his cure of souls.

, the majority of Church of England sons are gentlemen, and it is utterly wrong they should have to humiliate themselves, y nothing of their Church, by persistent ng.

brings the Church and the clergy into and it makes for inefficiency. How a man properly attend to his spiritual k when the greater part of his time is taken with sordid questions of ways and means?

ICAL PLAGUE SPOT.

clerical cadgers are deserving of but there are others, ignoble beggars not for the work of Christ, but for personal glorification and luxuries. which will redound to their glory, on their sheep for luxuries, not -ities, for themselves and their families, sometimes they beg for more or less homes and institutions, out of which make an uncommonly good thing.

said and done, however, it is the de- system of clerical cadging, rather clerical cadger himself, that is a spot on the body of Christ's Church. particularly the Anglican section

Roman Catholic Church sees to it that ministers do not have to beg for their per- needs, and when the Roman Catholic for church purposes, he does so as a but as a contemptuous favour. And so, to a great extent with Nonconformity. It in the Church of England that the has to play the whining mendicant, discredit of his Church and his cloth.

CAL LOW COMEDIANS.

other evils, clerical cadging has the clerical low comedian, for whom no thy whatever can be felt.

from the realities of life is a clerical fault, but nowadays many to the other extreme and seek to their humanity by making public and exhibitions of themselves.

is an invaluable quality in a but is there anything manly in caper- on the stage like a ballet-girl, is anything manly in aping the alleged of a red-nosed music-hall of the baser sort; is it not rather disgusting to see a clergyman playing the clown or emulating the antics of the coloured coon?

Yet these things are done, and the clerical low comedian is an established attraction—of sorts, on the plane of the fat woman, the india-rubber man, and the sword-swallower.

ATTRACTIVE AS FREAKS.

He is a clerical dog walking on his hind-legs; an attraction solely because he is a freak.

Such parsons are plague-spots, because they bring the Church into contempt, and give offence to many of its members by introducing a connection with the stage in its least desirable aspects.

Moreover, they are inefficients. Unable to attract by the power of their preaching, unable to turn a sinner to God by the force of His Word, they fall back on making catchpenny and hopelessly undignified exhibitions of themselves.

Then there is the political parson. Now, let us be clear on this point. There is no reason why a man who assumes a clerical frock should divest himself of his civilian rights. A parson has a vote, and he is entitled to use it. And if he likes to speak at political meetings, well, that's his affair; probably, he is ill-advised to do so, because he is pretty sure needlessly to offend some of his congregation.

But the parson who uses his pulpit for political propaganda is a coward, for he knows he cannot be answered back, and that he is taking an unfair advantage of his position.

WANTED: TOLERATION.

He is also sometimes a blasphemer, who impiously pretends to be in direct communication with the Almighty on the subjects of Tariff Reform and the House of Lords. He is always a dangerous fool who works great harm to the Church.

Finally, there is the religious intolerant who preaches a gospel of damnation to every creed but his own.

The worst enemies of Christianity are inside, not outside, the Church. The Catholic priest who tells his congregation that no Protestant can attain heaven, the Anglican parson who describes all Roman Catholics as heretics, and the Nonconformist minister who pictures Roman and Anglican as frizzling in a common hell, these are the men who work incalculable harm to Christianity.

What we need is religious tolerance and unity; what a certain type of parson seems to wish to give us is religious intolerance and backbiting, and a Church whose different members are continually warring against each other.

DAVID COOPER.

SPORTING REVOLUTIONARIES

MEN WHO HAVE MADE THEIR MARK ON SPORT.

Sportsmen are generally conservative, both in politics and by nature. They dislike change, and while not opposed to progress, they like to see an innovation well tested before adopting it, and they cling to old and well-tried ideas and methods, as they cling to their old coats and their old boots.

Nevertheless, from time to time there arise sporting revolutionaries who, by their audacious genius, successfully upset time-honoured theories and practices, and establish, generally, though not always, a more enlightened regime.

Tod Sloan revolutionised English jockeyship. Before his advent our jockeys used to sit well down in the saddle and rode with their legs as much as with their hands.

Sloan's "monkey-on-a-stick" style was jeered at when he first appeared, but it is now universally adopted by our jockeys, although in a modified form, our men not getting so far forward as to lose all real control over their mounts.

Still Sloan was a great revolutionary; he upset all our preconceived notions of race-riding, and in the main his methods have stood the test of time. In cricket the two *sans-culottes* of late years have been G. L. Jessop and B. J. T. Bosanquet. The former, indeed, was more anarchist than republican. He took our batting idols of the upright stance, and the straight bat, and smashed them into little bits, setting up in their place another idol, himself, "The Idol," as he used to be called.

Before Mr. Bosanquet electrified the cricket world with his "googlies," our bowlers were tied hand and foot to the good length and off-break theories, a ball on the leg side was regarded as a sign of mental or physical aberration on the part of the bowler. Mr. Bosanquet freed our bowlers from their trammels, and while the Jessopian crouch, like the Ranjitsinhji leg-glance off the stumps have found few successful imitators, the "googlie" has come to stay in first-class cricket.

In boxing, I do not know who was the first to introduce the "American crouch," but the Americans have revolutionised ring-style. They have swept away the old traditions of standing straight up, head back, and hitting straight from the shoulder. The American boxer crouches and keeps his head down on his chest.

I cannot think of any great revolutionary in the golfing world, but the game itself has been gradually revolutionised, not merely in the way of new clubs and balls, but in methods of play.

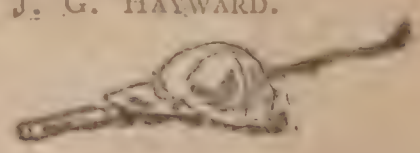
Gone, or at least seriously questioned, are the driving traditions of keeping the right foot slightly behind the left, and of gripping hard with the left hand, and letting the driver swing freely in the fork of the right hand.

It would perhaps be too much to say that the Belgian oarsmen revolutionised English rowing by their successes at Henley, but anyway their short, quick, exhausting style, so utterly opposed to all our aquatic notions, has found not a few adherents on the Thames.

Association football has not produced any great revolutionaries that I am aware of, although the goal-keeping methods of Mr. L. R. Roose are certainly entirely his own, and only to be regarded with respectful admiration and amazement.

Rugby, of course, has seen great changes, and the Welshmen revolutionised back play, while the New Zealanders again upset all our moss-grown traditions of forward tactics. At the present day, Mr. A. D. Stoop, the England and Harlequin half-back, is something of a revolutionary, and his audacity often pays.

J. G. HAYWARD.



RINGCRAFT.

THE TACTICAL SIDE OF THE NOBLE ART.

Within the ropes and stakes of the boxing saloon, two men are opposed to one another—one a youngster, strong, alert, and eager, the other older, evidently not as fit as he once was, but bearing himself with the calm confidence of experience.

Despite the old 'un's wiliness, however, he cannot get through his younger opponent's guard, and as he spars for an opening his mind is working quickly. Gradually his breathing becomes more and more laboured, now and then he stumbles; evidently his strength is giving way. See, too, his guard is getting careless! The youngster sees his chance and dashes in.

But here a surprising thing happens. In a flash the old boxer's strength and agility come back. Ducking down, he swings his right. His opponent drops like a log, and is counted out—beaten by superior ringcraft.

Ringcraft is everything in boxing. It is easily understood that, however good a knowledge a man may have of the various strokes and guards of the science, these are of little avail to him against an opponent who will not allow him to put them into execution.

A question that often occupies our minds is what we should do if we were opposed to a man bigger and heavier than ourselves. Well, let us consider in what way he possesses an advantage over us. Our weight is not sufficient to inconvenience him materially if we hit him; whereas, if he lands a blow on us, we shall probably be knocked out. Our tactics, then, are obviously to make as much use as possible of any superior lightness of foot, and to do our best to prevent him from hitting us.

Again, if we are to beat him, we must *make use of his own weight* as well as ours. We must refrain from leading, but, on the other hand, induce him to do so. Then a telling counter will do the trick. If we parry his blow, and land ours successfully, the impact of our fist with his oncoming body will, even if it does not knock him out, at any rate enable us to follow up our advantage to excellent effect.

Thus, it is clear that the tactics of a light man against a heavy one should be quickness and cleverness of footwork and reliance chiefly upon the counter, or analogous defensive hits.

If you are pitted against a boxer of the rushing type, let him rush as much as he likes. It is either a sign of inferiority or over-confidence, and is sure to give you an opening sooner or later. Here again countering tells heavily. Watch your opportunity well, and if you can cross him on the jaw, you will take most of the enthusiasm out of him.

Again, a clever man can play a rusher as an angler does a fish. Keep on stepping back calmly, retreating in good order as it were, and jabbing him now and then as opportunity offers. He will soon lose his strength; and then you in your turn can start offensive tactics.

Feinting is of two kinds, offensive and defensive.

An offensive feint that pays well as a rule is to pretend to lead, with the object, of course, of inducing your adversary to counter you. But to do this, most men think it sufficient to push out their left a short way. This is an error. They should let their eyes light up as if to say, "*Now* I see my chance!" This makes your opponent really believe you are going for him, and he counters at once. Then you should duck down like a flash, and cross him on the jaw.

A good defensive feint is an affectation either of fatigue or over-confidence. Pretend to slacken your guard. This will often make a cautious man hit out at you, and give you the long-wished-for opening for a telling counter.

SID. WALLACE.

MY NOTEBOOK.

THE MOST IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT I HAVE YET MADE.

This week My Notebook will be a good deal different from what you have previously found it. In these friendly chats I have declared myself to you generally as a young man with possibly a little too much of the sporting instinct, much like yourself. Underlying it all, however, I daresay you have seen that, although I have seldom mentioned it, the running of such a paper as this is a vast responsibility, and a thing that requires the strictest attention to business.

I have put business matters in the background, because I did not think that they would interest you very much. Readers write to me daily, sending me letters that are purely friendly and altogether pleasant, but seldom do these letters deal with the profession or trade at which the writers make a livelihood. My correspondents generally confine themselves to telling me about the sports and the hobbies in which they are interested. In these notes I have in the same way usually confined myself to telling you about my own outside interests, the things which occupy me out of business hours.

For once I am going to take you into the very heart of my business, and in this connection I am going to make the most important announcement that I have ever made.

EARLY DAYS.

First let me review the history of THE MODERN MAN.

When I started this paper it was regarded by my competitors in the usual way in which new papers are regarded.

I do not deny that I consider it advisable to have facilities for learning what my competitors are doing, and I have means of knowing every move on the board in connection with each of the large publishing trusts. Shortly after the publication of my first number, there entered the room of a well-known weekly paper, of which I had previously been the sub-editor, the director who controlled this and several other publications.

"I hear," he said, "that our old friend is the editor and proprietor of THE MODERN MAN. How long do you give him?"

The editor of the paper, the new sub-editor, and several other people were in the room at the time. Being diplomatists more or less, they smiled as if to say that the life of THE MODERN MAN would necessarily be short, but they ventured no verbal comment.

"I give him six weeks," said the director.

This was reported to me before the publication of my sixth number, and it stung me rather.

Already THE MODERN MAN had been received with exceptional enthusiasm by the public and by the trade, but there was still the possibility that the novelty of the publication should prove to be its only attraction, and that subsequent numbers would fail to attain the success of the early issues. There was still the danger that the prophecy of my old chief should prove to be a true one, and I thought it unkind of him, and even a little unsportsmanlike, to put it into words.

Nevertheless, I believe that it was just as well for me that he did so. I remember, as if it were yesterday, the night that I learnt what he had said. I had been working very hard for many weeks before, but that night it was early morning before I went to bed, and it was still early morning when I rose and started work again.

His comment had put new life into me. His prophecy was one that I made up my mind should never come true.

It did not come true.

The six weeks passed. THE MODERN MAN not only lived, but increased in circulation.

THE POWER OF CO-OPERATION.

At first, being a new publi... it had to find its way on ... bookstalls and into the ... agents' shops, according to public demand. There was no certain... being able to obtain it at every bookstal... at every newsagent's throughout the co...

I doubt whether at the present m... there is one newsagent in Great Britain ... does not stock this paper.

I could have obtained this result ... rapidly by extensive advertising, but ... tising is, I verily believe, an over-esti... method of obtaining business in the ca... publications. The exact amount that I ... upon advertising this paper when it st... was £1,357, which was a very trivial ... indeed, considering the magnitude of the ... ness to-day.

I knew that it was necessary to give ... paper a good start off by advertising, ... realised also that the one and only wa... which its success could be made perma... was by giving exceptional value and ... securing the co-operation of readers in ... way of recommendation.

This co-operation I have secured as ... other editor has secured it before me. ... is no other publication in the English ... any other language to which the reader... more devoted.

My readers have not rested content ... the purchase of their own particular nu... but, feeling that they would like to do so... thing for the cause of good sportsman... which I have done my best to chan... they have exerted themselves in introd... the paper to new readers and to fresh ... agents.

That is how the present gigantic cir... tion of THE MODERN MAN has been ... up, and I am proud that my purpose has ... accomplished in this manner, for the ... tion of the paper is ten times as solid ... built up on such lines as it would have ... had I secured publicity by advertising o...

THE ROUTING OF THE PROPHETS OF EVIL.

Time went on, and week ... week THE MODERN MAN ... published regularly, without ... lay, and always up to the ... standard of quality. The ... phets of evil began to say less.

It began to dawn upon them that ... large publishing house had started very ... as I had done, although none previously ... been lucky enough to secure the instant ... success that had been vouchsafed to ... They ceased to be patronising or sympath... and became to me, what was consider... more hateful, deferential.

THE MODERN MAN within the first ... months became an established property, ... ready its sales exceeded those of many of ... older periodicals, and the prophets of dis... could not understand why these things sh... be so.

Realising now that their forecasts were ... surd, they shrank into silence, and I ... heard no more of them.

OFFERS I REFUSED.

But after the establishment ... paper as a profit-making co... there came into the field and ... class. These, far from suggesting that ... paper would prove a failure, were anxious ... invest money in it in order to make its ... gress the more rapid, and also in order ... participate in my success financially.

I treated them as I treated my early ... —I left them alone.

Those of my readers who have fo... the fortunes of this paper from the first ... ber, will remember that I have already ... how, for just over ten years—from the ...

when I was sixteen, in fact—I nursed the idea and worked to secure the necessary capital to establish this paper. In the very early days when success still rested on the knees of the gods, I might have been tempted, but when the paper became a paying property I decided that it should remain mine alone.

I have kept it so. At the present moment there is not one person whosoever who has any proprietary interest in THE MODERN MAN except myself. It is entirely, absolutely, and in every sense of the word my own and my exclusive property. I have resolutely refused to share its profits with those financiers who have approached me in the matter.

I have refused to allow these people to participate in the success of the paper, because they had no part in the making of that success.

It may sound egotistical, but I believe I am right in saying that it is my own personality that has made THE MODERN MAN what it is. How much time I have spent in making this paper a success you will never know. Such being the case, I felt that it was not right that others, coming into the business when the battle had been won, should reap even a portion of the reward.

READERS AS PARTNERS.

Selfish as I have perhaps been in keeping to myself every benefit that has accrued to me with the success of this paper, I yet realise that that success has been attained largely by the support given to me by my readers, and also by the newsagents all over the country. I have done my part in securing the best and most suitable literary matter procurable, but they have also done theirs in widening the scope of the paper by introducing it to new buyers.

That being so, I have decided to share my profits with them. I refused to do so in the case of the financiers, because they had played no part in the paper's development; but my readers have done so much for me that I welcome them as partners.

The business has now reached the stage where I consider its increase should be even more rapid than it has been, and therefore, with the assistance of my solicitors, I am evolving a scheme whereby you, my readers, may join me in its future development.

Experience has shown that the biggest successes are not to be achieved by personal effort alone, but by co-operation. In the scheme which is at present in the course of formation, and of which I shall give more particulars next week, I shall see to it that as large a number as possible of my readers shall become part-proprietors of this paper.

In this way I shall secure not only the kindly assistance that my readers have so far given me, but also the more ardent help that each and every part-proprietor will offer for the furtherance not only of mine but also of his own interests.

WHERE MY OWN PROFITS WILL COME FROM.

I know very well—and the public also know from recent instances—what the flotation of public companies sometimes are. In this case, however, I have given strict instructions to my solicitors that in the legal and official announcement to be made I am really am to accept not one penny-piece of actual cash; but only so many deferred shares as vendor, thus placing my readers in the position of taking first profits.

It should be sufficient to convince you, if it is necessary for me to do so, that your interests will be my interests. As a matter of fact I am studying your interests first, for in this co-operative scheme your dividends will be paid before I take my share of the profits.

I shall deal more fully with the subject next week. Meanwhile those readers who desire to make inquiries should write to me, marking their envelopes with the word "Co-operation."

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

A GLORIOUS VICTORY.

The C.O. came into the room suddenly, and surprised his daughter and the young lieutenant trying to occupy the same chair.

The lieutenant sprang to his feet and saluted.

"Sir!" he said, "I have the honour to report an engagement at close quarters, in which I have been entirely victorious. It now only remains for you to give your sanction to the terms of surrender."

THE VALUE OF THE CARDS.

He was very young and greener than usual, and he had just been admitted to the club. A pal, with other sufferers, had been trying to teach him to play whist.

"Now then, do you know the value of the cards?" asked his pal.

The novice, with the consciousness of being able to answer correctly, blurted out: "Oh, yes; about a shilling a pack."

Then they dealt another hand.

A TRIFLE SHORT.

It was one hot afternoon in the lecture theatre of the hospital.

"Mr. Smith," said the Professor, "the subject of this diagram limps because one of his legs is a trifle shorter than the other. Now what should you do in such a case?"

"I should limp, too, I think, sir," replied the student addressed, with an expression of perfect innocence.

THE YOUNG SPORTSMAN.

She was delivering a little lecture on the iniquities of fox-hunting, and the uselessness thereof. The young hopeful seemed deeply impressed.

Then followed this dialogue:

MOTHER: "Is the skin of the fox of any use?"

HER BOY: "Oh, yes."

MOTHER: "What is it then?"

HER BOY: "To keep the fox warm, of course."

PROFESSIONAL IGNORANCE.

The captain and the doctor were chatting together in the smoking-room, and the subject of the conversation was the fighting in which the officer had recently been engaged. The captain had just related a particularly exciting and daring exploit.

"How do you feel," asked the doctor, "when you kill a man?"

The captain thought a moment, then replied: "I really don't know, doctor; how do you feel?"

KEEPING DOGS CLEAN.

IMPORTANT POINTS TO REMEMBER ABOUT BATHS.

In washing dogs great care should be taken in selecting the soap. Any soap will not serve, and many are not fit to be called into service.

All the well-known domestic soaps possess many virtues and cannot do much harm, but their value as cleansers varies considerably when considered in relation to the needs of a dog's coat.

It is really safest to leave the domestic soaps alone and to use only the reputable dog soaps.

With these you have the maker's guarantee that they are harmless and efficacious.

All the leading dog soaps have been tested by practical breeders.

Dog owners cannot be too strongly urged to avoid using household carbolic soap on a dog. In the first place the dog's system is such that it absorbs acids, and carbolic is never a safe thing to use without great care where dogs are concerned.

A dog's ears need special attention after he has had a bath. Deafness in dogs is a cause of constant dispualification at a show.

The disability may be complete or partial. In some cases it is present from birth. Severe canker will cause deafness and so will a blow over the ear.

Growths in the passage and an accumulation of wax in the ear will also produce deafness.

It is often necessary to clean out a dog's ears with a damp rag. This is specially important after the bath. The ears should be thoroughly cleaned and dried.

To get rid of fleas from a dog's coat, an occasional creolin bath (one ounce to a gallon of tepid water) will be found very helpful. Then the dog's bedding may be sprinkled with a little oil of eucalyptus. Turpentine is not a bad substitute.

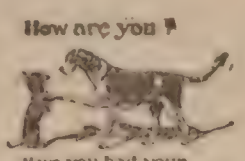
The coat may with advantage be sprayed with the following mixture:—Oil of eucalyptus, 2 drachms; terebene, 2 dr.; carbolic acid, ½ dr.; liquid ammonia, 2 dr.; rose water, 10 ounces.

Mix these well together and spray well into the hair with an odorateur.

JAMES MEDWAY.

MOLASSINE
DOG & PUPPY CAKES
Hound and Terrier Meal

are composed of the purest ingredients only. Owing to the antiseptic properties of the foods of which they are compounded they aid digestion, keep dogs' skins and coats in good condition, eradicate internal worms and parasites, and prevent unpleasant odours.



Have you had your MOLASSINE DOG CAKE?

MOLASSINE POULTRY MEAL
makes hens lay eggs in abundance.

Sold by Grocers, Corn Merchants, and
THE MOLASSINE CO., Ltd.,
3, Tunnel Avenue Greenwich, S.E.

KEEP ALL DOGS HEALTHY.

Rapid Physical Development

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

TRAINING THE FINGERS.

There is no exercise so good for the fingers, hands, wrists, and forearms or so useful as piano-playing.

Of course, great muscles cannot be raised on the arm by this means, but piano-playing brings into play an immense variety of small muscles that support the larger ones as well as having their own special purposes.

The hand is often neglected as a subject in need of physical development. Probably it gets as much exercise as it requires in the ordinary course of life in the country.

But many a man working in towns seldom uses his left hand, and uses his right hand hour after hour at writing. This tends to cramp the hand, and to overwork one set of muscles at the expense of all the others.

Both hands need training, and the following is an excellent exercise, if you do not happen to be a pianist.

Place the fingers and thumb of both hands upon a table. Let them be separated a little. Now, in order, over and over again, raise each finger separately from the table.

This may sound almost childish, but it is not so easy as it sounds. You may be able to raise each one—even the two middle fingers—a short distance from the table, but to raise them readily, easily, and some distance, requires practice, which will tend to improve the power and the appearance of the hands.

FOR THE WAIST AND BODY MUSCLES.

The starting position for this exercise is with the body erect, the feet together and the arms extended horizontally with clenched fists in line with the shoulders.

Do this with a swing.

Now lunge smartly to the right front with the right foot and at the same time bend forward, twisting the body so that the arms come into the position shown in the sketch.

Force the body down as far as possible, bringing the right hand as near the foot as you can, and making the line of the arms approach the perpendicular.

Keep the left leg, however, straighter than it appears to be in the sketch.

Having swung the body as far forward as you can, recover smartly to the starting position, the shoulders being once more turned square to the front and the arms again brought to the horizontal position.

Repeat the movements with the left leg advanced, and the left arm lowered.

Let the lunge be a smart one, and let the body swing smartly forwards as it is made, and smartly back again to the erect position as the foot is returned.

The exercise is an excellent one for the abdominal muscles and for the shoulders and upper body muscles as well as those of the legs.

If you possess a pair of dumb-bells they should be used when you are practising this exercise, for they increase the swing of the body and give one something to grip. Or a chest expander may be used, if preferred.

A SHOULDER DEVELOPER.

This exercise is one of a number of similar ones which can be practised for the strengthening and developing of the muscles of the shoulders and the straightening of the back.

Lock the second fingers of the two hands into each other, and raise the arms over the head to the position here depicted, with the hands behind the head.

Now pull the arms over to the left, resisting with the right arm all the time, so that the right upper arm remains practically horizontal.

Only the fingers should be interlocked.

Keep the strain on for several seconds—say while you count ten—and then relax the muscles.

Reverse the position of arms, and pull with the right arm towards the right and resist with the left.

Do not clasp the hands, but only interlock the one finger of each hand, for the exercise is intended rather for the biceps and triceps, and the big muscles of the side under the armpits. The exercise will also develop great strength in the fingers if it is practised regularly and vigorously.

AN EARLY MORNING EXERCISE.

A very simple exercise that is most beneficial if practised immediately on rising is that illustrated below.

Try this as you go.

Stand erect with the upper part of the body stripped, and double the arms so that the clenched fists, with the knuckles almost square to the front, are against the shoulders.

Throw the head back until you are looking at the ceiling, and tense the arm muscles.

Now strike upwards with one arm with all your force, return it smartly to the shoulder and then hit out with the other.

Continue the exercise with alternate arms rapidly and with all the vigour at your command for a minute or so, and you will find it invaluable for stretching and suppling the muscles of the arms, shoulders and back.

SIZE v. QUALITY.

It is a mistake to *look* too closely at muscles during your courses of physical exercise. The main point is not so much what the muscles have attained as what they can do in the way of work when called upon.

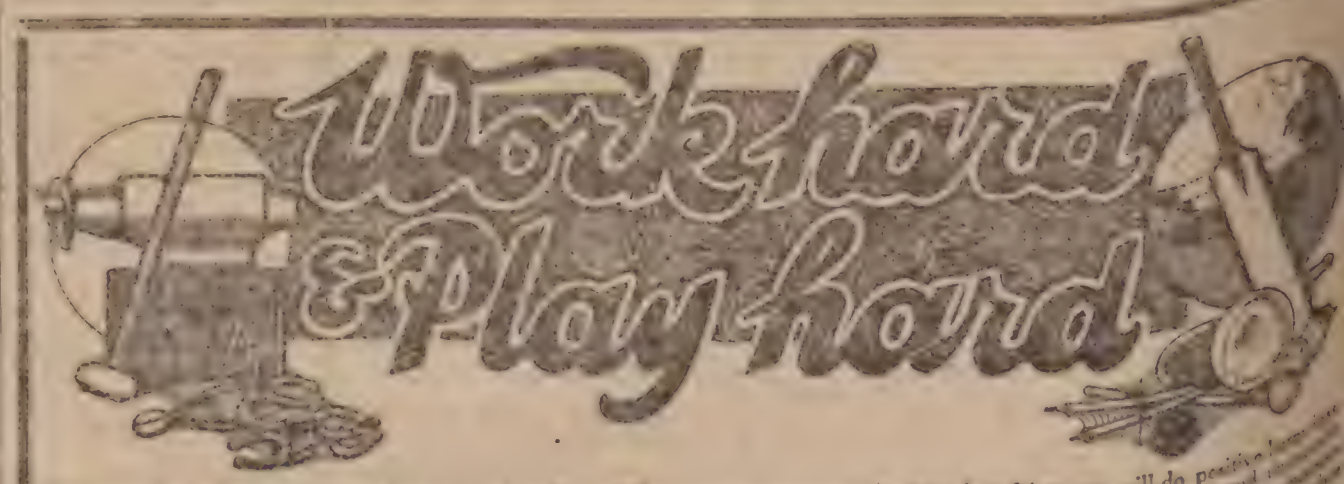
The man with the biggest head may wear the biggest hat, but does not always turn out the most mental work. It is the quality of the grey matter that counts. And so with muscles.

It is by no means a bad plan, however, to exercise in front of a looking-glass—not only that you may admire the size of your muscles, in which a certain amount of pride is not only pardonable but desirable, but also that you may be able to observe the play of the muscles, and see which are being developed by each particular exercise.

As an alternative it is a useful thing to arrange with some friend who is also interested in physical culture to come in and go through some exercises with you.

Both should be as lightly clad as possible, and then you can watch each other as the exercises are performed.

This is far more satisfactory than using a mirror, as your attention is not then distracted



but remember, unless your energy be expended in the right direction, your exercise, far from benefiting you, will do positive harm. As much as the very tissue, muscle, and energy you seek to create and conserve, will be used up by your unnecessary and misdirected exertions. Strange though it may appear, a great number of would-be athletes train upon lines which render success impossible, and through this one false step are relegated to a position among "second raters," when all they require to bring them to the highest pitch of perfection is merely a scientific system of Training.

THE BEST COURSE to follow if you desire to get the most out of yourself in any sport or pastime is to practise a rational scientific system of Physical Culture, and with this end in view you cannot possibly do better than place yourself in my hands.

HAVE YOU EVER FELT "STALE" WHILST TRAINING? DO YOU KNOW THE REASON?

It is because energy is not developed proportionately to your muscular power. In other words, *the muscular tissues are developed, but at the expense of vital energy.* When you experience a breakdown it is seldom through failing strength, but almost invariably from exhaustion of nervous energy, and in my system of training this subject is regarded as of primary importance, receives due consideration, the whole of the exercises being arranged with the object of developing *strength, stamina, and nervous energy*, simultaneously and proportionately.

BY USING MY SYSTEM YOU MAY TRAIN WITHOUT BECOMING STALE.

and this is the reason that athletes, training under my instructions, have met with such remarkable successes in almost every sport. The exercises are so adaptable that no matter in which branch of athletics you may indulge, I CAN GUARANTEE YOU INCREASED PROWESS AND MUCH GREATER STRENGTH AND STAMINA.

Mail a card to-day for my free book, "HEALTH AT HOME," which fully describes my system. You cannot afford to be another day without it. It is free for the asking. Will you ask?

DO IT NOW.

THOMAS INCH, Physical Culture Expert (Dept. M.M.), **The Broadway, Fulham, LONDON, S.W.**

Getting Full Value

HOW SOME MEN MANAGE TO HAVE A GOOD TIME ON A SMALL INCOME.

Sometimes you run across a man who knows the art of getting full value for his money. Naturally you suppose that he has a very much better income than you have, but it may happen that you get to know him more intimately and discuss money matters with him and, to your surprise, learn for the first time that his salary is no better than yours. He is different from you only in his knowledge of how to get full value.

In the matter of dress this difference between one man and another is very noticeable. There are some men who always appear well-dressed, and who nevertheless spend comparatively a small amount with the tailor and the hosier; there are others who spend much more without attaining a result that is even half-satisfactory.

WHERE TASTE TELLS.

The man who appears well-dressed on little money does, as a rule, the invaluable asset of sufficient taste. Usually he will glance at a hosier's window that has been specially arranged for a display of ties marked up at a very low price, but most of them of impossible colours. The average well-dressed man would say that not one in all that bunch was fit to wear, but the man who knows how to get value spots a tie of a plain, unobtrusive shade that is not branded as cheap, and that will certainly come in useful.

He enters the shop and buys that tie. He is not fooled into spending more than he means to spend upon articles that he does not want. He leaves the shop the possessor of a tie, and it may be, the possessor of the only tie worth having in the whole stock—he has got it for very little.

AN UNFORTUNATE HABIT.

As a rule, however, he does not patronise the shops of the cheaper class. He buys his collars, shirts, neckwear, and so forth at the best shops, pays a good price for them, and selects them with the utmost discretion. That is why they last him for years, and that is why his tie drawer is so well stocked. Never does he find himself in possession of a tie with an ugly pattern that one gets tired of in a week or two.

In making his purchases, the average man has the unfortunate habit of going into a shop to buy one thing and of being inveigled into buying many. When his parcel arrives from the hosier's, and when he cuts the string and examines its contents, he is often disappointed at the purchases he has made. There are collars which are not exactly the right height, but which he thinks is a reduction; before very long he will be discarding them in disgust.

LOSS AND VEXATION.

The tie that looked very well in the shop window, or on the counter, he finds will not match any suit he has. There are socks that he will soon get tired of because so many men are wearing the same pattern. And all the loss, vexation, as well as the loss, is due to the fact that he has never acquired the art of obtaining full value.

In the matter of tailors, it is of course, desirable to patronise the very best if you can afford it, but most of us are a long way from being able to afford it. In every town, however, there is some tailor—generally a young man who is devoting the whole of his energy to building up his business—who can give you an accurate fit and very decent material at a low price.

There are some men who never discover the existence of such a tailor. That is because they never put themselves in the way of doing so. The man who knows how to obtain full value is generally a person with a good deal of sound sense and of considerable energy. He mixes freely with other men of his years, and it is from one or other of his friends that he discovers the good local tailor.

WASTED LEISURE.

In using one's leisure time there is equally an art in obtaining full value. As most of us have to work for our livings, we can call only our evenings and our week-ends our own, but our own they are. Yet how many men are there who return to work each morning none the fresher for the break?

There are several ways of spending leisure. In the case of the youngster, it is often advisable to attend classes so that he may be promoted and get better wages. When, however, one has reached an age when classes are unnecessary, and when one's spare time may be considered entirely one's own, there is apt to be a feeling of oppressive idleness between work and bedtime.

If it is not an impertinent question, what do you do in the evening?

There are many men who get home, throw themselves into an easy chair, read the evening paper, or discuss various trivial and uninteresting matters with someone else. They keep this up till bedtime, and then they wonder why it is that they feel in rather a bad temper.

The man who knows how to get the full value of his leisure, on the other hand, has something definite for most evenings.

On one evening he has to attend a drill, on another he is due at an athletic club—in fact, perhaps only a couple of evenings in each week are without some definite engagement, and the idleness of these he enjoys by very contrast.

He has plenty of outside interests—purely innocent and excellent—and he comes up to work each morning bright and sparkling because of them.

ENJOYING WORK.

There are few things in life to which the same principle may not be applied. You get your full value out of work not alone from the salary you receive, but also from the fact that you enjoy doing your work. The man who knows the art I am discussing, selects a profession or trade that he *will* enjoy.

You get full value out of your life only when you can look back upon it with satisfaction and pleasant memory, and you can do so only when you have lived sensibly, and, if one may use the expression, busily, utilising your spare time for wholesome pleasure just as you have utilised your working-hours for honest money-making.

The world would be a happier place to live in if we were all adepts at the art of getting full value.

GEO. W. PRICE.

WHEN BUYING A CHERRYWOOD.

Why is it that, in the case of so many cherrywood pipes with vulcanite mouthpieces, the latter so quickly work loose? It is particularly annoying to find the bowl of the pipe suddenly perform a revolution and deposit a quantity of smouldering ash on one's coat.

A good tip, when buying such a pipe, is to get one with the mouthpiece fixed with cement. It will be just as easy to clean, for cherrywoods with vulcanite mouthpieces are generally of the "chubby" type, and these readily yield to the wire cleaner.

"Insurance against Unemployment"

"Dear Sirs,—I am glad to report my latest success in connection with your Schools. Shortly after enrolling for the Complete Mechanical Course, a temporary position was found for me in a large works. Since then I have been placed in an excellent position, and, I think, a permanent position—by your Students' Aid Department—this time in charge of Foundry work. Although there have of late been many schemes propounded in respect of 'Insurance against unemployment,' I must unhesitatingly say that the methods of the Students' Aid Department are the most conducive to this end that I have met with, and as far as I am concerned, the most practical system at present in existence. "Yours faithfully, SIDNEY HALL.

"To the International Correspondence Schools, London."

During the Last Six Months

6,744 people placed their confidence in the I.C.S. to enable them to fill better positions, and each was satisfied with our training. Why not you?

The International Correspondence Schools'

system of training men for their work while at their work positively supplies the complete equipment you need to make your success.

Let us refer you to successful students in your district.

Take the first step to-day by filling in the "Better Position" coupon and posting to us, after which there will be no turning back from the road to success.

INTERNATIONAL BUILDINGS

—the pivot of all good things in technical training.

Better Position Coupon

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd.

Dept. 298X International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X (or in the one stated here .....)

Name .....

Address .....

Electrical	Steam	Book-keeping and
Mechanical	Gas	Business Training
Mining	Machine Shop Practice	Textiles
Civil	Architecture	Modern Languages
Heating	Analytical Chemistry	Civil Service

PAID AWAY TO CLIENTS

(On Speculative Accounts Only)

£369,320

(The Sign of the N.S.E. is the Size of the £ s. d.)

BY THE

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.

Methods are the great factor in Business Life. There is a vital difference in people and in business ways. Some people will start life with half-a-crown and rapidly make a fortune; others, with all the opportunities in life, never have two spare half-crowns to jingle together. A little money is powerful in the hands of the right man. And a client's small outlay—to which liability is limited—may multiply itself many times when sent to the National Share Exchange.

The Mighty Atom.

Remember, the atom is mighty; a lever would lift the world. But we don't wish you to send us any money. You may if you wish but all we desire is to convince you that by inquiring into our methods of business and results—you will learn that this house is sound substantial, and profitable for clients. Hence our position as the largest and strongest firm of Stock and Share Dealers in the United Kingdom. This position has been attained only by the public endorsement of our methods of business and the results achieved.

An Important Point is that We Can Limit Liability to £6.

The man or woman who becomes a client after due inquiry into our standing and methods of business does so knowing that liability is always limited. That is one of the essential points of our business. Another—just as important—is this, that profits are unlimited. In those two phrases we show the advantages we offer all who are dealing or wish to deal in stocks and shares. Below we give several clients' accounts. Look at the totals and remember that liability can be limited to £6 only.

R. J. H.'s Account.

Cheques		£	s.	d.
16823	...	27	15	0
16869	...	27	15	0
17080	...	66	15	0
17243	...	18	3	0
17286	...	21	15	0
17413	...	10	2	6
17664	...	32	9	6
17775	...	27	15	0
18216	...	18	0	0
18259	...	36	15	0
18967	...	10	0	0
Total		£297	5	0

J. D. B.'s Account.

Cheques		£	s.	d
16760	...	12	0	0
16970	...	30	3	8
17356	...	11	0	0
18826	...	15	15	0
Total		£68	18	8

W. B.'s Account.

Cheques		£	s.	d.
16768	...	20	0	0
16852	...	23	0	0
Car. for.		£43	0	0

Bt. for.		£43	0	0
17074	...	18	0	0
17363	...	8	0	0
17535	...	18	0	0
18001	...	23	10	0
18123	...	29	5	3
18327	...	49	0	0
18717	...	36	16	6
18775	...	12	0	0
18983	...	43	0	0
19055	...	13	10	0
19406	...	25	0	0
Total		£319	1	9

G. T. C.'s Account.

Cheques		£	s.	d.
16515	...	18	0	0
17037	...	91	5	0
17119	...	30	0	0
17120	...	7	0	0
17139	...	58	0	0
17392	...	86	10	0
17556	...	50	10	0
17557	...	14	10	0
17733	...	50	0	0
18185	...	13	0	0
18368	...	40	0	0
18886	...	20	0	0
Car. for.		£483	15	0

Bt. for.		£483	15	0
19412	...	18	0	0
Total		£501	15	0

Mrs. H. O.'s Account.

Cheques		£	s.	d.
16808	...	20	5	0
17142	...	18	15	0
17273	...	16	5	0
17402	...	42	17	10
18647	...	20	0	0
18838	...	39	19	6
Total		£158	2	4

W. P.'s Account.

Cheques		£	s.	d.
		7	10	0
16782	...	9	0	0
17301	...	12	5	0
17686	...	12	0	0
17854	...	10	5	0
18906	...	8	10	
19251	...			
Total		£60	0	3

If you will fill in the Coupon at side, and post to us immediately, we will acquaint you with the particulars of our business, and show you how it is possible to make material sums with liability limited to a small outlay. Why should you not be represented in the amounts paid away to clients?

APPLICATION FOR PARTICULARS.

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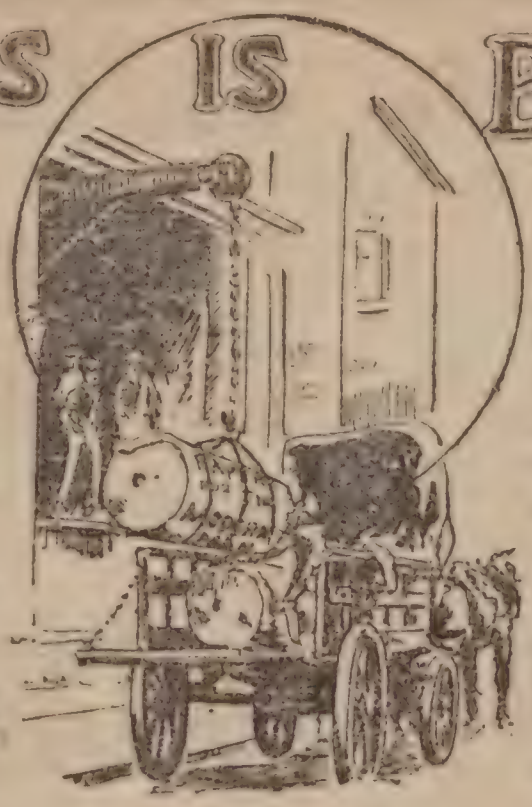

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

THE MAN AT THE DOOR.

He is never far from the door-step from early morning till late at night, and only when we think of the manifold nature of his work do we realise the large part he plays in the everyday commerce of the world.

Here, then, are a few points with special reference to the man at the door, his work, and his pay.

In the first place, I think it is very seldom realised either by the man himself, or by those whom he represents, how highly responsible his position is.

Every man at the door is the representative, and usually the only representative, of his firm with whom the customer comes in contact.

The householder may, and often does, deal with great firms far away from his residence, and he sees no other representative of that firm than the man at the door, who jumps down from the delivery van and swings into the garden gate with the goods under his arm, gets his books signed, receives his money, and is away again in less than a minute.

That is one type of man at the door. Another type, and one whose work is of a much more delicate character is he whose presence at the door is not in response to your "esteemed order." He arrives unbidden, and his purpose is to enlist your interest and obtain your orders for goods for which you may, or may not, feel any particular desire.

Travellers call with endless propositions to lay before possible customers. They are the representatives of their firms. Profits and losses, or success and failure, depend upon their men at the door.

The first essential qualification in a man at the door is that he shall be agreeable. It would be of no earthly use for a man who had a sullen countenance, a short sharp way of speaking, and a take-it-or-leave-it manner, to attempt to do business of any sort. Still less helpful would it be if he sought to do business by endeavouring to move possible customers to pay. A whining, begging canvasser is an abominable nuisance.

Much more than mere pleasantness is, however, required. The greatest quality a man can carry with him when he goes to the door is tact.

That is not the man's business to say he wants such and such an article, and none other, and that the householder must have that or none else. His business is to supply what is asked for, and if he can indirectly create a demand, by suggestion or otherwise, for just those things which he can most readily supply, he is on the way to success.

It is a pity that firms do not give more care to the selection of the men who come to the doors. So many are inaccurate in their accounts, indifferent in their manners, and unprepossessing in person and appearance. These men drive custom away from their employers.

On the other side of the question is the real necessity on the part of the man himself to see that he gets the rewards due to him by way of commissions and other payments. Employers are not always entirely wise or just in this matter.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

OIL SHARES.

The compilers of the Stock Exchange Official List now tabulate the shares of oil companies under a special heading. This is an indication that they consider the oil share market important and permanent.

THE PRICE OF RUBBER.

The recent rubber auction, when there was no competition in bidding and nearly the whole of the lots were withdrawn, is a curious development of the position by which buyers of rubber are trying to frighten rubber holders. Rubber is still eagerly demanded.

UNDELIVERED RUBBER SHARES.

The space that a well-known London daily has been devoting latterly to the question of undelivered rubber shares and how to put a stop to the game, has been fully justified.

The only way is to pay through a banker on delivery of the transfer.

It should not be necessary to tell the public that they should not pay for anything until they get it, but apparently the business instinct leaves them immediately they have transactions of an unfamiliar kind.

Stock Exchange rules sadly require revising. They will never get the big public until something of that nature is done.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.—"**Irish**" (Bradford).—I will go into the papers at leisure, and let you have my opinion.

MESSRS. ALLISON AND CO.—**E. H.** (Sowerby Bridge).—I do not recommend.

H. J. A. Y. (Sherborne).—I am sending you by post the name of a member of the House. You can operate as you suggest through him, but, of course, as with any other member of the House, you have, against any profit you may make, commissions and stamp duties.

LONDON AND NEW YORK EXCHANGE.—**G. T.** (Gateshead).—I do not recommend.

O. P. Q. (Manchester).—You do not forward me the paper you mention, but I believe I know the publication you refer to. I should not recommend you to have any dealings with these people. Why not go straight to a member of the House rather than to an agent, if you are considering the matter at all? As regards their advice, I do not see much in it one way or the other. Personally, I should rather be a bear of rubbers than a bull.

THE LONDON COUNTY AND CONTINENTAL SHARE EXCHANGE, LTD.—**G. H. G.** (Tiverton).—I do not recommend the firm.

ST. CECILE MUNICIPAL CASINO CO., LTD.—**F. S.** (Warrington) and **T. B. E.** (Dublin).—I do not think it a good investment.

AUSTRALIAN OIL CO.—**W. S.** (Trowbridge).—It would be a mistake to sell out now at a loss. I think the market will go better. How much is rather questionable, but, generally speaking, I think oils will be good in the immediate future or as soon as rubber shares have lost some of their attractions, in which case some of the poorer properties will improve in the general advance.

G. B. (Douglas).—It is quite true that I consider an unreasonable rate of interest not consistent with safety. On the other hand, I do not see why Japanese 4½ per Cent. Bonds would not be a better investment, seeing that they are bearer bonds also, than a 4 per cent. rate from a foreign bank.

BROOMASSIE AND MOLESWORTH RUBBER.—**W. T.** (Glasgow).—Re Broomassies and Molesworth Rubber, which you say you are holding at 5s. 4½d. and 9s. 10½d. respectively; as Broomassies are now 8s. to 9s. sell these. Molesworth Rubber I should hold until you can see your money back or something to the good; they are now 3s. to 4s. It really seems to me though that you have mixed up your prices.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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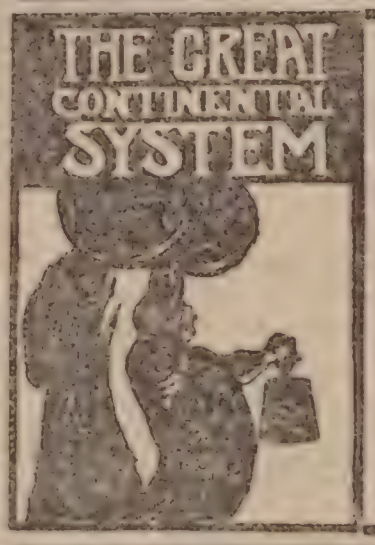

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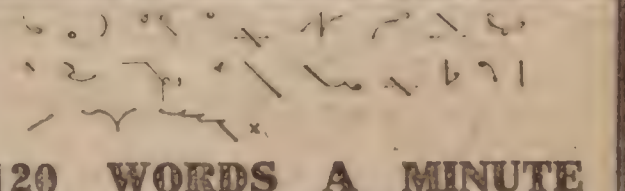

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Tom Burgess, Horseman

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By J. F. JAMESON.

XI.
AN ARMY COMMAND.

He was a fine man with too much of a towny cut, it seemed, to have been raised in the village of which the "Waggon and Horses" was at once the parliament, the council-house, and occasionally the *venue* of inquests. They still called him "Young Jack Malling." But on the strength of a famous regiment of Lancers he was enrolled as Corporal John Malling.

He came back to the village of his birth, tanned with Indian suns, and speaking of strange things and stranger lands, with a knowledge of hostelries that ranged from the "Fleur de Lis," at the military-cum-ecclesiastical city of Canterbury, to mysterious grog shops east of Suez.

In the pride of his spurs, his tight-fitting overalls, and all that is gorgeous in the cavalryman's uniform, he sat in the cool, stone-flagged bar of the "Waggon and Horses," and held forth upon many things, thanking the heavens every five minutes upon an average that for a blessed three weeks he would not be compelled to look at a horse or smell a stable.

"Anyone comes in here, and talks about that noble animal the horse," said he, "*I* sha'n't contradict 'em on any point. I'm anything you like—an enthusiastic motorist, or an expert bloomin' gardener with a double-barrelled knowledge of the correct time for plantin' oak-trees. But don't let anyone mention such trifles as snaffle bits, bridoons, or military saddles—or I shall be tempted to poison their beer. I've got my uniform on, but don't you forget, I'm Mr. Malling until the 17th, at the service of no cavalry officer in the Kingdom—always exceptin' our Colonel, Sir Bobby Williamson, K.C.B., for whom I'd go through the pit of Tophet with a smile on me jib."

On sight he became friends with Tom Burgess, and commiserated with him upon the outrageous fortune that had made him a slave to the whims and fancies of equine arrogance.

"Why, we hold nothin' but similar positions to ladies' maids," said the gallant Corporal. "You an' me, Burgess, have to take as much trouble over the filly by Bangaway, out of Hopitalong, as Marie Dedoolay expends over the Countess of Knightsbridge. It don't run to lavender baths for crack regiment's horses *yet*, gentlemen, but, damn me, if a recruity I know didn't start on a cream horse of the Drum-Major's with a cake of Erasmic soap, once. And that's truth."

"Horrible," Burgess echoed, winking at the assembled company. "Well, I've got something smart in the way of chestnuts to be a slave to now; so I must drink and say ta-ta. . . . If you weren't so down on horses, I'd ask you your opinion of him. But—never mind. Good morning, Mr. Malling."

"Good morning," said the Corporal, and relapsed suddenly into silence.

He picked up the newspaper and found after some time that the rubber quotations upside down are not very interesting reading. Then he challenged the expert of the village to a game of darts and lost ignominiously. Outside the sun was shining. The Corporal tapped his heel.

John King, in shirt sleeves behind the speckless counter, smiled and said nothing.

The Corporal cleared his throat noisily.

"Sin to stop in on a morning like this," said he, "I'm off for a ramble."

Most ostentatiously he took the road that leads Market Malburywards and does not pass the stable-gates. Yet the hissing of Burgess at work fell on the Corporal's ear as he stepped across the freshly bath-bricked threshold. The Corporal paused momentarily, caught the landlord's sardonic eye, and marched on swiftly.

The Corporal, however, was familiar with the country.

Farther down, past a bend in the road, he hopped lightly over a gate and proceeded scoutwise over some pasture-land and down a leafy "loke" to the lane which is the "Waggon and Horses" stables back way. As he stood on tip-toe peering over the gates to make sure that the landlord and his sardonic grin were not in evidence, it was the hand of Tom Burgess that caught him upon the spot where his overalls were the tightest.

The Corporal looked round in apparent surprise.

"What are you doing here?" he asked. "I seem to have lost my bearings somehow. . . . This the 'Waggon and Horses' stables? Now who would have thought that a few years absence should confuse a man like this!——"

"Better come inside," said Burgess genially, "and take your bearings so that you make no mistake next time."

Now was there or was there not a flicker upon Burgess's left eyelid?

"Young man," said the Corporal with meaning, "you ought to be in the British Cavalry. Most country-bred young men of my acquaintance haven't any more tact than you can rescue from a duck-pond with a broken butterfly net. . . . Yes, a very nice place you have here." They were within the precincts of the loose boxes now and walking on a paved yard from which one might have eaten bread-and-butter.

"Uncommonly nice," the Corporal continued, as he peered into a box. "Shouldn't be surprised if you have some well-bred——er——"

"Dogs," suggested Burgess artlessly.

"No," said the Corporal, "er—horses, I mean. Yes, horses."

"Well, I'm going to put one into that rubber-tyred trap there, Mr. Malling, perhaps, as you don't care to be associated with horses just now you wouldn't mind bringing that trap from the shed. . . . Thank you."

Burgess ostentatiously unlatched a box and led into the sunlight as glossy-coated a chestnut as ever wore horseshoes. The horse was already harnessed. The Corporal somewhat discontentedly held up the shafts of the trap, running them into the tugs easily.

"I've to drive to Mannerbridge," said Burgess.

"Funny, I'm going that way," said the Corporal.

"But I'm not going straight," said Burgess, "Smallmouth hasn't been out for days. He'll want some exercise——"

"And take some holding," said the Corporal admiringly. "It doesn't really matter what time *I* get to Mannerbridge either," he added almost pleadingly.

Burgess smiled and put him out of his agony.

"Jump up—Corporal," said he.

II.

Down four miles of yellow road [illegible] run in the best style, the Corporal sitting drinking to the full his cup of [illegible] fingers itching the while to grasp the [illegible] himself.

He said not a word even when [illegible] had fairly to stand up and take a strong [illegible] at the chestnut who, fresh as the proverbial daisy, was stepping it out in a style more hasty than prudent.

"Steers a bit wild at times doesn't he?" Burgess observed.

"Lovely," said the Corporal [illegible] "Pity this road winds about so. I'd just like to see what he *can* do. . . . measured trot is all right, but it's tingling, as you might say. . . . goodness, the high road!"

They turned out of a leafy lane into highway.

Cautiously, Burgess gave Smallmouth and let him out into his comprehensive ing trot that would have taken the show judges.

"Glorious," said the Corporal of Lancers, his blue eyes glistening. "It's like drawn through the sky on a cloud—[illegible] For luxury give me this class of tyred trap. . . . Comfort combined safety and good springs. . . . When of a drop down this hill!"

They were almost poised on the crest generously sloping hill, at the bot which four wistaria-covered cottages

"Gently, boy," said Burgess, and dr a little. Behind them there was a long-d wail of a hooter, a shuddering of the . . . and Burgess miraculously the horse and trap aside in time to a total demolition of his off-wheel by a h.-p'd. car that flashed by in a rolling of dust.

Then Smallmouth got his head free

For the space of some wild secon records from that hill-top to the fri certain woods was utterly and entirely by Smallmouth. The blinding speed back the denunciation of all motorists present and future, that the Corporal his tongue.

"Sit tight!" Burgess yelled in the the wind. Not once nor twice had the poral heard this command in his career. There had been times when to sit tight and set his lance at a dusky Now the man by his side was fighting with a horse. . . .

At the woods Smallmouth stopped, ling, and with a suddenness that both the men out of the trap.

"Gosh, that was a close call," Corporal, wiping his forehead.

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[illegible] pay, Burgess—a full year's pay—to [illegible] that motorist and make him go through the little bit we've just experienced. Gosh! What an inconsiderate blackguard; what a blighting road-hog! Hell with all such, say I, and let 'em frizzle!"

For ten good minutes the Corporal of Lancers held forth upon the subject of motorists and their pre-destined end, while Smallmouth [illegible] being handled gently but firmly by Burgess.

It was not until Burgess offered him the [illegible] that Corporal Malling desisted from making generous excerpts from all the lurid of cavalry book-talk that he had picked up in the Service.

He drew in a happy breath as he grasped the reins, and his mind was at peace temporarily with all men.

"Still at the slow trot?" he asked of Burgess.

Burgess looked at him. He caught the [illegible] soul of the true lover of horses shining in the Corporal's eye.

"Yours to command, Corporal," said he, and leaning back, proceeded to take an interest in the countryside.

Fifteen minutes of exhilarating fast trotting [illegible] into the Corporal's store of [illegible] which.

By the side of a hedge stood a massive, [illegible] car.

"By George—the blighting motorist!"—[illegible]ass and the Corporal almost simul-[illegible].

"The beggar!" the Corporal added. "The [illegible] has delivered him into our hands, Bur-[illegible]. . . . Now, don't you say a word. [illegible] me to joke with the blithering hog."

There was, however, no suggestion of anger [illegible] Corporal's silky tone as he pulled up, [illegible]aning over the side of the gig, asked [illegible] the utmost politeness whether he could [illegible] any possible service to the gentleman.

A [illegible]-begoggled and voluminously-[illegible] man—almost hideous to look upon in [illegible]se of his occupation, answered from be-[illegible] the car, and that wearily.

"Nothing—except drive me to Leicester, and I'll make it worth your while," said the [illegible]. "They advertise this thing as [illegible]ghly reliable.' 'Can be driven by a [illegible], etcetera. But she breaks down about [illegible] a week. . . . Thank heaven, I don't [illegible] to live with her, though——"

The [illegible] was more pleasant than the [illegible]'s look.

"Step up, sir," said Burgess. With the [illegible]e of some passing labourers the [illegible] abandoned his car to its fate in a [illegible]ntially adjacent farmyard, where the [illegible] assumed charge for a large considera-[illegible] which delighted the Corporal.

"Sit next to me, sir," said Corporal Mal-[illegible] flicking the whip, commenced to [illegible].

"Leicester, you said?"

"I know these roads," he added, mysteri-[illegible] to Burgess.

At the turnpike they turned quite off the [illegible] road and turned down the broad-[illegible] that leads to Manneybridge.

"Are you going direct?" asked the [illegible] of the Corporal, suddenly.

"Entirely direct for the road, I'm making [illegible]," said the Corporal, grimly. They [illegible] in silence.

"I asked to be driven to Leicester," [illegible]ed gentleman, testily. "A [illegible] will mean an inconvenience to [illegible].

"The loss of our lives would have incon-[illegible]enienced His Majesty's Government in *my* [illegible]," said the Corporal, grimly, "to the ex-[illegible] of providin' me with a military funeral. [illegible] half an hour or so ago *you* didn't mind in-[illegible]convenicing His Majesty's Government to that extent, so it's a bloomin' small thing that we should merely inconvenience *you*."

It was an open declaration of war, yet the lips that appeared beneath the goggles only smiled.

"You were the trap at the top of the hill. Sorry I didn't see you until I was bang on top of you nearly."

"We *were* the trap at the top of the hill. We noticed *you* right enough. . . . Mr. Burgess, I see a motor-car comin', and a big 'un. That won't have any manners any more than this blighter had. . . ." The Corporal was talking in jerky sentences. "I've a mind to teach this gentleman a lesson at the risk of my own skin. If you don't care to risk yours, hop off quick. And here, take my purse first. There's enough in there to pay for damages. I've been a savin' man."

As a business precaution on the part of his master, Burgess pocketed the well-filled purse that chinked and crinked.

"You needn't put me down, thanks," said he, lightly. "*Pro*ceed with the lesson."

Again the stranger instead of protesting merely smiled.

"Mind you," said the Corporal, "I reckon you ought to consider yourself jolly well honoured, Mr. What-ever-your-name-is. At Omdurman Colonel Sir Robert Williamson saved my life. Nice thing for me to chance losin' it for the sake of the likes of *you*, ain't it? Also the Colonel would be minus what he calls his most promisin' non-com. Bein' likely to die violently in a few minutes, I don't mind recording that fact. . . . Here comes the car. Now, Mr. Motorist, sit bloomin' well tight and pray—hard!"

The big car was sliding down the long hill that rose in front of them at a rapid pace, and by a post that marked a turn in the road the Corporal measured the distance, as the car neared them, humming to a crescendo shriek.

The motorist moved himself lazily.

"In that case, Malling," said he, in an utterly changed tone, "I may as well take off my goggles to assist identification. And I wish both of us a pleasant termination to our relaxation from our respective military duties!"

"By gad, the Colonel!" exclaimed the Corporal, reddening furiously, as he wrenched the already-rearing Smallmouth round that fortunately-placed turn.

In an instant Burgess was at Smallmouth's head, patting his glossy neck, and the car slid by harmlessly. Above it all Burgess could hear the Corporal shouting to his Colonel.

"We weren't meant to be killed at Omdurman, nor here, sir! . . . Burgess, let go the nag's head! What is the name of the only man whose orders I said I would obey before Monday, the 17th?"

"You called him Colonel Sir Bobby Williamson," said Burgess, gaily.

"And his orders," said the Corporal, as Burgess hopped lightly into his place again, "are, briefly—*Leicester!*"

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*
EDITOR.]

THE MOST SPORTING OF SCIENTISTS.

We are most of us apt to regard the average scientist in the light of a musty individual who conjures up unappetising and haunting odours with the aid of test tubes and retorts; but one representative of the order is of an entirely different type, and lives a healthy and mildly sporting life in the open air.

To see him scouring over green fields, carrying on his business-like back a cumbrous collection of boxes and baskets, in search of some rare type of spotted newt, a *dyliscus* beetle, the indoor worker can hardly refrain from envying the healthy life he leads. The naturalist combines the qualities of patience and endurance, which to other men are given only by participation in manly sports and games.

WOODLAND CYCLING.

Most cyclists are bound by an inexplicable conservatism which keeps them to the road.

Why not the woodland?

The bicycle is the favourite means of recreation of several hundred thousands of men of all ages in this country, the majority of whom are town dwellers.

They hear the call of Nature to her sons, bidding them throw off for a while the cramping shackles of circumscribed civilisation, and revel in the more natural surroundings of the untarnished earth.

Yet why should cyclists stick to the roads? Not only are the roads at week-ends for the most part crowded, but they are enveloped in clouds of gritty dust and fumigated with petrol from the exhaust pipes of many motor cars. They lead merely from one crowded town to another, instead of from artificiality to Nature—from thraldom to freedom. Forsake the road, and you will find your bicycle a much greater means of enjoyment than you ever knew before.

The country is everywhere intersected with public footpaths, leading like veins into the heart of Nature. These are used almost exclusively by pedestrians, for cyclists seem to have entirely overlooked these splendid means of seeing the country at its best and getting into touch with Nature in her most winsome mood.

Many of these paths take one into beautiful glades and shaded woodlands, teeming with happy life and resounding with the voice of Nature. The birds sing far sweeter in their shady retreats than near the boisterous, traffic-swarming highways of man. The squirrel and rabbit gambol in their joy of life, and bright-hued butterflies flutter from flower to flower in happy carelessness. Nature clothes herself here with more glorious foliage and bedecks herself with rarer blooms than the road traveller ever sees.

Do not fear that the paths leading to these beautiful spots will prove unsuitable for cycling. The paths are not suitable for speed work, of course, but then who wants to hurry amid such glorious surroundings?

If you want to taste the richest delights of cycling, leave the road and explore Nature's own territory.

But one thing is essential—a good bicycle. For full enjoyment a bicycle must be light, easy-running, and capable of any amount of hard wear. Only a thoroughbred bicycle embodies all these qualities, and breeding in a bicycle, as in horses, must be paid for. You must get a machine that is built to be ridden, not built to be sold.

The three essential qualities of lightness, easy-running, and durability are nowhere more successfully combined than in the Golden Sunbeam. A Sunbeam roadster is from three to five pounds lighter than first-class roadsters of other makes. Lightness alone, however, is of little advantage unless the machine runs easily. The energy necessary to propel a bicycle has been reduced to the absolute minimum by means of the little oil-bath in the gear-case that is fitted to Sunbeams. This keeps the driving chain and bearings automatically lubricated, so that they run with entire absence of friction, while at the same time they are protected from dust and grit, which after a little while makes the running of other machines so unsatisfactory. Professor Jamieson, in his well-known work on Applied Mechanics, says that the little oil-bath system "probably represents the most perfect lubrication possible, and the limit beyond which friction cannot be reduced by lubrication."

Messrs. John Marston, Limited, will furnish full advice to the readers of THE MODERN MAN on the choice of a model if they are communicated with at the Golden Sunbeam Works, Wolverhampton, where the thoroughbreds are made.

CAMERA CADS.

SOME TOO FAMILIAR TYPES.

When the cheap camera came into existence, it brought with it a race of harmless, if unnecessary enthusiasts, who took some curious kind of pleasure in producing libellous presentments of their relatives and friends.

However, if the photographing craze were a bore, it did no harm and it has since come down to sane levels. But the growth of illustrated journalism, or, at least, of a certain section of it, has produced the camera cad of the Press, a creature devoid of any sense of honour, chivalry, or common decency.

He has long ceased to photograph scenes of proper public interest; his aim nowadays is often to pander to the morbid and prurient-minded, and in pursuit of his object he recks nothing of privacy, decency, the rights of the individual, or the feelings of others.

Last summer a cheap illustrated daily, which makes a speciality of outraging good taste, came out with a large photograph of the wife of a well-known man as she emerged from a dip in the sea.

There was nothing improper about the photograph; the lady was adequately clad for bathing, but how nice for her, her husband, and her children to have her thus exhibited to the public gaze.

Nothing is sacred from the camera cad, not even the deathbed and the grave, and if he can photograph the victims of an accident as they lie all mangled and torn he is happy. It is not so joyful, however, to the relatives and friends of these victims to have their last moments photographed for sale at a halfpenny.

There are celebrities who strongly object to being photographed, and that fact is sufficient to make them the especial prey of the camera cad.

He preens his feathers when he succeeds in snap-shotting a shy celebrity, whose feelings revolt against the publicity of the cheap Press.

It seems to me that the law should have something to say to the camera cad. Surely a man's face and person are his own property, and he should not be photographed against his will.

Not so long since a learned judge held that a photographer was justified in taking the head of a popular actress from one photograph, putting it on the body of a studio model with not very much on, and selling the "fake" as a photograph of the first-named lady!

When it comes to photographing operations in hospitals—I am not, of course, alluding to photographs taken for medical purposes—it seems to me that the camera cad reaches even his limit. Certainly the hospital authorities are to be blamed even more than the camera cad, if they are aware of his presence, but probably they are not.

I say it is time that a stop was put to the publication of scenes in hospital operating theatres, of murderers in the dock, of dead bodies, of executions in foreign lands, of ladies, whether well-known or unknown, bathing, of public men who notoriously object to being photographed, of private individuals caught in some unusual or ridiculous attitudes and pilloried for the amusement of the public.

Of course we have the camera cad apart from the Press. We all know, and cordially dislike, the "Peeping Tom" of the seaside and country lanes. Generally he is just an out-and-out bounder who thinks it funny and clever to "snap" ladies on their way to or from their bathing machines, when getting over gates or stiles, or on any other of those occasions when a gentleman looks the other way.

R. J. FELLOWES.

"What can I plant in this shady corner, which never seems to get any sunlight?" is a question which many a gardener has racked his brains over. But it should not be very difficult to find a sufficient number of plants and shrubs to fill a border of any description, large or small, and to flourish in it even though it is but seldom visited by the rays of the sun.

If the border is large enough for shrubs, there are lilacs, white and mauve; syringa, with its orange-blossom-like flowers and beautiful scent; weigelia, which with its pink or white flowers lasting from April till autumn is so useful for cutting, as also is berberis, another shrub which needs but little sun.

Among the flowers, periwinkle should find a place, St. John's wort (which will spread tremendously unless kept under control), foxgloves, phloxes, Michaelmas daisies, and pyrethrum.

Another shade-loving plant which makes such a show as to be invaluable in a small garden is the doronicum, whose yellow blossoms, like a miniature sunflower with a tall straight stem, are most useful for cutting.

Certain varieties of poppy also, including The Shirley, and antirrhinums, pansies, and nasturtiums are among the plants that are not particular about a liberal supply of sunlight.

Instead, therefore, of the usual tame expedient of putting in ferns, and perhaps a few evergreens and some ground ivy in a bed which is secluded from the sun, it should be possible to obtain as good a show of colour, and for as long a period, as anywhere else in the garden.

* * * * * * *

The chief business of the gardener in the middle of May should be the pricking out of early seedlings, and the transplanting of such herbaceous plants as have not been rearranged.

Carnations, for instance, if you have been far-seeing enough to grow them from seed, should now be separated and set in their permanent positions, and staked with small sticks and raffia, or with wire supports.

Flowering shrubs will now require to be pruned, roses cleared of suckers—shoots that appear low down upon the stem and sap the vitality of the plant to no purpose.

Half-hardy annuals must be gradually hardened off, until they require only light protection during the night, so that they can be finally planted in the open in June. Calceolarias, gladioli, and hollyhocks may be put into their summer quarters in the middle of the month.

Hardy annuals, too, should be thinned as they come up if too many of the seeds germinate, or if preferred, most hardy annuals which have been planted early in the year can be transplanted this month, if this is done when the weather is showery.

C. B. STAINER.

KNOTTY POINTS IN GAME

IV. CRICKET.

Supposing, as has happened on rare occasions, the middle stump is bowled down but the bails do not fall, is the batsman "Out" or "Not Out"?—He is "Out"; it is enough that the wicket has been broken.

If the bowler, in delivering the ball, accidentally breaks the wicket at his end with his foot, should the Umpire call "No Ball"?—No, it is not a "No Ball" so long as the bowler has complied with the rule that he shall have one foot on the ground behind the bowling crease and one foot within the return crease when he delivers the ball.

Supposing the bowler, as above, has dislodged one bail; the striker makes a run and attempts a run, and the ball is returned by the bowler, how should he run the batsman out?—He must knock off the remaining bail with the ball. If both bails be off then he must pull up a stump as soon as he has the ball in hand.

Can a batsman be out from a "No Ball" apart from being "run out"?—Yes he may be given out from a "No Ball," for "Obstructing the Field," for "Hitting the Ball Twice" (except to protect his wicket) or for "Handling the Ball."

If the batsman hit a four off a no-ball, how many runs in all are scored?—Four. The score for a no-ball is scored only when no runs are made off it.

Supposing the Umpire calls "Wide," but the striker manages to reach the ball and hit it, what happens?—It is not a "Wide" but and no run can be scored for it as such.

Can a "Wide" be scored off?—Yes certainly. "Byes" may be run from a wide ball, but these are scored not as "byes" but as wide balls, and nothing is counted for the original wide. Thus, if a three bye is run from a wide ball it should be scored as four wide balls as three.

Can a batsman be given out l.b.w. if a ball hits him above the waist?—Yes, if in the opinion of the umpire the ball would otherwise have hit the wicket.

Can a batsman be caught off a tree or building?—Yes, unless boundaries have been arranged and the tree or building is within them.

L. WESTMACOTT.

MODERN TAILORING

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will give you the attention that is so essential, when you call or send your order through the post.

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

G. W. M. (Norbury).—If you carry considerable sums of money about with you it is better to have a stout purse. For ordinary daily cash pockets are sufficient.

"HOLSTER" (Devizes).—The soreness and jaw-ache are only temporary. Persevere for a week or two, and you will swear by a pipe and abjure cigarettes.

J. L. (Manchester). — Entirely a matter of personal taste. We rather dislike "button-holes" for men.

H. P. (Boston).—Cycling as regularly as you do, and for such great distances, the three-speed gear would certainly be a great help. Get the best.

J. F. (Ipswich).—Leather braces look smart, but they are liable to cut your clothes and, what is worse, to cut into your flesh. Leather belts are bad for the hips, the sharp edges cut and rub and hinder movement.

R. W. G. (Salford).—If you do not know any members to propose and second you, write direct to the secretary of the club. He will find a way out of the difficulty.

B. E. N. (Tottenham).—You will pick up a lot of general farming knowledge, and get the hang of English farming if you work as a labourer for a year. Cleaning out pigstyes is just as dignified as clearing up your desk in the office, and is far better exercise.

A. P. (Hanley).—We answered this fully in No. 79 of THE MODERN MAN. Consult your file. Thanks for hearty wishes.

H. C. M. (Andover).—Probably you filled the pen with very cheap ink. The clearest ink only should be used if the pen is to be kept clear of sediment.

W. B. (Manchester).—You would have to start as a "cleaner" and become thoroughly familiar with all the parts of the engine. Then you will rise to fireman or stoker, and then to driver. But ask at the nearest railway station. There are plenty in your part of the world.

G. E. F. H. (Maidstone).—When put on to bowl you are usually allowed to move the field to meet the peculiarities of your own bowling. But it is not necessary to do so unless you have a very definite object in view.

W. L. T. (Streatham).—I have seen a man's rooms made to look charming with plain brown paper on the walls. Sporting pictures, framed or unframed, pasted or hung, stand out very well from such a background. The paperhanging must be well done.

H. W. F. (Edenbridge).—A course of lessons in simple cooking should be sufficient to carry you through a fortnight's camping. Certainly every man should know how to cook a chop, steak, chicken, and the commoner game, and to make good tea and coffee.

R. E. F. (Ramsgate).—If you have any sort of crest or coat of arms on your writing paper you can be made to pay duty to the Inland Revenue for the pleasure and privilege.

M. P. S. (Kingston-on-Thames).— Never take rooms for a long period. You must of course have them for a week, but do not agree to stay three months. You never know how things will turn out. Landladies vary like the weather.

E. R. (Buckingham).—Though many cyclists use a deep-noted horn, we think a good bell is still the best warning.

J. S. (Aberdeen).—Don't ask us our opinion of Mr. Horatio Bottomley. We have never met him, and endeavour to maintain an open mind..

A. C. (Carlisle).—You say that your evening dress coat has been pulled out of shape at the shoulders through being hung up by the tape instead of with a coat-hanger. Your tailor can restore its pristine form, or one of your womenfolk could do so with an iron and a wet cloth.

W. H. (Leicester).—Send the bill to the railway company. The compartment ought to have been clean. They will certainly pay for the cleaning of your overcoat.

J. F. (Bromley).—If your neighbour is a sensible man he cannot take offence when you put up a row of evergreens between your garden and his. The trees will beautify both gardens, and need not interfere with neighbourly relations.

E. H. (Walton).—If you want an active out-door pursuit we should hardly recommend model yacht sailing, interesting though it is. You are confined to one spot, and only run to and fro from end to end of the pond. Try tennis. Croquet suits the middle-aged and the lazy of both sexes.

D. W. M. (Windsor).—Certainly it is very hard to take ragging in good part when you are absorbed in serious thoughts, but it won't do any good to lose your temper.

G. B. (Belfast).—You are not safe to laugh at a man for wearing a ring on his right as well as on his left hand until you know why he wears them. It is just possible that these rings mean a good deal to him, more even than your opinion of him.

R. J. G. (Elgin)—If you have no right to wear any particular colours on your straw hat stick to a plain black band. It always looks well.

T. E. (Dumfries).—You are unfair in suggesting that we have killed certain late contemporaries by our methods in regard to London street sales. Here, as in all other points, we have always fought fairly.

R. O. (Hanley).—Cut the loss and sell the boots for what you can get, and be very careful to get the next pair of the right size. Do not try and wear them ; they will torture you.

A. L. (Hoxton).—For a smoker you will find that something familiar, with a good chorus, is a far more popular item than the finest new song that nobody can join in.

H. E. D. (Bingley).—Yes, copy your letters in all business transactions. It is astonishing how easily misunderstandings arise if you trust to memory or the other fellow.

G. S. (Wells).—The question has only lately been before the Rugby Football International Board. Their recommendation runs as follows: "If studs be worn, such shall be cylindrical, not less than three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and of any length not exceeding one-half of the diameter, and shall be fastened with four nails." This is plain enough.

L. E. (Rugby).—You cannot beg, borrow, or steal a splendid physical frame, but you can work and get one with certainty. Follow our "physical development" exercises and hints which appear every week. Glad you are becoming a regular subscriber.

E. H. F. (4th London R.F.A.).—Many thanks for your photo. Your best girl ought to feel pretty proud of you.

A. W. (Sheffield), **G. H.** (North Camberwell), **J. G.** (West Stanley), **W. G.** (Gloucester), **A. McD.** (Inverness), **V. P.** (Hyde), **T. H.** (Kennington), **W. F. M.** (Dundee), **A. D.** (Sheringham), **C. H.** (Cape Town).—Our best respects to you.

[*Many replies are unavoidably held over.*]

THE SPORTING TIMES

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EASY CURE FOR CATARRH,

ADENOIDS, & NOSE-BREATHING DIFFICULTIES.

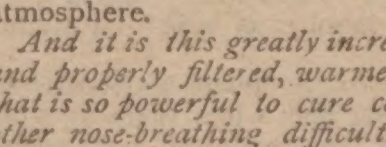
A Gift Book by Patient and Doctor, Discoverers of a Remarkable "Breathing Cure" which Re-Opens Nasal Air Passages.

No Sprays—No Operations—No Cauterising—Cures During Sleep.

A book has just been published which tells of the joint discovery by a Doctor and his Patient of a remarkable cure for catarrh, adenoids, and other nose-breathing difficulties—remarkable because it calls for no sprays or injections—no powders to be snuffed—no operations—and no painful electrical cauterising of the inflamed mucous membrane. The new cure is further remarkable as it cures automatically during sleep.

Every reader afflicted with catarrh knows how this hitherto incurable complaint prevents proper breathing. The nose is unable to do its duty of filtering, moistening, and warming the air, and the *mouth* is called upon to do the work *as well as it can.*

As a result of this *extra* duty of the mouth, the breathing becomes inefficient and shallow, and frequent head and chest colds are "caught" because of cold air striking direct on the lungs.



(The nose, of course, is intended to warm as well as filter and moisten the intaken air.) The nasal air passages—by disuse—become more and more obstructed, causing adenoids and polypi, which in the past have generally had to be operated upon by the surgeon.

The falling back down the throat, or on the back of the tongue, of the poisonous, evil-smelling, slimy mucous matter causes offensive breath and a bad taste in the mouth. The hearing ofttimes becomes affected, the head feels hot, and the eyes dry (with reactionary spells of acrid watery discharge from eyes and nose).

The joint authors of the discovery—as the result of a fruitless quest for relief and cure—were led to experiment along the line of "the First Cause"—the nose and its respiratory function.

The layman it was who made the first enlightening discovery. A singer, he discovered *how the nose could be* temporarily freed. *(Try the plan illustrated in the free book, and see how it "unstops" the most stopped-up nose.)*

Upon this first-step discovery has been built the anatomical-physiological "Rhycol" cure, the details of which are given fully (and illustrated) in a book which can be obtained by sending a penny stamp for its postage.

Immediately the method of cure described by the book is applied there is striking evidence of its curative powers. It is, as one man puts it, like coming into the fresh air out of a stiflingly close atmosphere.

And it is this greatly increased inflow of fresh and properly filtered, warmed, and moistened air that is so powerful to cure catarrh, adenoids, and other nose-breathing difficulties. Inflowing with all the 15lbs. to the square-inch pressure of the outside atmosphere, the closed-in—because more or less disused—nasal air passages and cavities expand to their natural size and air-supplying capacity. The fresh air is in itself powerfully Anti-Catarrhal in effect.

In one night the nose, ears, tongue, and throat give every evidence of the good work of the cure.

In one week the nose and mouth both cease to discharge catarrhal matter. The brain, eyes, and ears feel clear, and the mouth and throat clean and sweet.

It is the desire of the discoverers of the cure that all who have catarrh, adenoids, etc., should accept their present offer of a gratis copy of the book, "Respiratory Re-Education." A penny stamp should be sent for postage, and a copy will be sent by return. Address letters to the Publishers, "Respiratory Re-Education," 80, Rhycol Building, 130 Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Callers for the free book may see life-size anatomical models showing the catarrh centres of the head.

THE·OUTER·MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

NAKED WRISTS.

As much from the point of view of appearances as from that of your own comfort, it is essential to see that the wrists are not naked. Few conditions give so unfinished a look to the entire man, and few are so productive of discomfort.

The feeling is very well known. The shirt cuff, either soft or starched, is too short, and from somewhere between the elbow and the wrist the arm emerges from its covering into what seems a wide airy space in which it feels like a thin spindle.

In appearance it is as bad. The sleeve of the coat flaps round about the bony wrist, giving glimpses of the forearm, and suggesting that one has just thrown on a jacket over pyjamas while *en route* to the bathroom.

This defect in a man's dress is usually due to the fact that the sleeves of his shirt are too short to allow the cuff to fall conveniently to the end of the sleeve, and to give just that line of white or other colour that rounds off the monotone of the coat.

The defect can easily be remedied, however, as I have already explained. If you buy your shirts (as most of us do) ready-made, and the sleeves are not quite long enough, all that is necessary is to have a strip of material let into the arm to make it the desired length.

Any woman of ordinary skill with the needle can do this. Do not have the extra length let in at the shoulder, as that requires expert tailoring skill.

With this little improvement naked wrists should be easily avoided.

Almost any sort of cuff will save the wrists from nakedness; not excepting the shirt wrist that buttons right over.

BOOTLACE TAGS.

A correspondent writes to me to say that he quite agrees with what I have said in previous numbers to the effect that the details of a man's clothes make all the difference between smartness and slovenliness.

"A shabby bootlace" he writes, "makes the entire dress appear shabby as well." I quite agree.

He goes on to say that long before his bootlaces are rough and ragged, and while there is still plenty of work in them, the metal tags at the ends get rubbed and look patchy.

"The enamel comes off," he complains, "and the tin shows through. Sometimes they get half polished with blacking and look still worse."

All of which is very annoying. But there is, as I have often said before, a very short and satisfactory way out of this difficulty.

When once you have put the laces in your boots the tags are quite useless. You need never take a lace out of a hole. It is sufficient to release the laces from the metal hooks on the boots in order to take the boots off, and the tags can be cut off. They are then no more trouble.

If the end of the laces show signs of fraying out, a snip with the scissors now and again will keep them neat; or a single tight knot at the end acts as an efficient stop.

LEATHER POCKETS.

Pockets are among the blessings of civilisation. They are often also among the curses. The great desideratum in a pocket is that it shall hold what is put into it without making too great a demand upon the rest of the suit.

Many men need very strong pockets in which to carry heavy articles. The sportsman carries keys, a big knife, money, and other solid or bulky things. A trader carries a lot of gold or silver on occasion.

Which reminds me of an old butcher I knew whose custom it was to go all over the country buying cattle for ready cash. He sometimes had £30 or £40 upon him in coin.

For this, the ordinary sort of pocket material was useless. The only material that would stand the wear and tear of the money was leather.

This tip should be borne in mind by sportsmen, "There's nothing like leather" for strong pockets. Order leather pockets when being measured for your sporting suits.

Leather pockets, then, will hold your smoking things; a chamois leather-lined pocket will preserve your watch from scratches and dust; and if you carry a knife or keys a leather pocket will stand their weight and drag for a much longer time than pockets of the ordinary material.

While on the subject of pockets, I may add that when putting away clothes whose pockets have flaps it is always best to put the flaps into the pockets. Otherwise they are apt to curl up and outward.

TURN-UPS.

You have probably found that the slot formed by the permanent turn-up of the trousers is a very efficient dust-bin. The turn-up, in fact, seems to catch every bit of dust and rubbish in your path.

This must, of course, be regularly cleaned out, and in doing so you should be very careful not to break the few stitches by which the turn-up is attached to the trousers at the seams on either side.

If the stitches are broken, the rim of cloth forming the turn-up falls outwards all round the leg, making an ugly sort of frill round the top of the boots.

Be sure, then, that new stitches are put in if the others break so that the turn-up is kept in place.

WAISTCOAT TROUBLES.

There is no garment so generally neglected as the vest or waistcoat. It is, however, subject to more sartorial ailments than any other article of dress.

It is full of bad habits, and no amount of care can do much more than minimise their effects in spoiling an otherwise presentable appearance.

At the top opening, at the bottom button, and midway between the two, it will develop all sorts of intractable, bad habits.

Beginning with the top, it often proves to have an opening larger or smaller than suits your taste and your tie. This defect can only be prevented—it cannot be cured once it is established—by ceaseless vigilance when trying on.

Going a little lower, the first two buttons are not always in the right place. In other words the waistcoat is too tight or too loose over the chest.

This may be partly your own fault, for it is a common habit to "chuck a chest" when being measured. This means that the measurement is an inch or so larger than is necessary to obtain a fit in normal circumstances.

The chest should be fully expanded and emptied a great many times while fitting the waistcoat, so that a fair average amount of room may be given, allowing full expansion without a feeling of cramp, and yet avoiding an appearance of looseness.

Then there is the bottom button. W standing erect, with a conscious effort to oneself well, the waistcoat fits splendidly. When sitting, however, the waistcoat w upward into wrinkles, and the two tips turned up.

To prevent this as far as possible, it is visable to wear the garment with the bo button unfastened.

This little tip, which has become a fash has its uses, for it allows the waistcoat to up and down as one bends over desk or clines in a chair, and prevents the wrinkl which otherwise soon becomes permane marked on the cloth.

In fitting the waistcoat see that there notch or slit just over the hips where cloth and the back lining meet. This slit lows a certain amount of play for the waist and is an additional measure against st and wrinkles.

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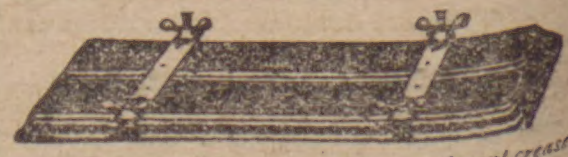

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Large patch pockets. Horn or leather buttons.

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In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.
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Clothe yourself on the Instalment System. Suits cut by experts, prices from 42s., instalments 5s. monthly. Be measured at home. Full particulars, telling how, from the Good Wear Co. (Dept. 35), 6, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton.

Frock coat, in splendid condition, fit man about 5ft. 7in.; 10s. 6d., a bargain.—Box 2183, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Patterns free to any address of our celebrated Yorkshire suit lengths; splendid value; send postcard now.—Dept. H., 769, Little Horton Lane, Bradford.

Smart black morning coat and vest, 34in. chest, 25s., cost 55s.; new silk hat, 6¾in., 10s., cost 21s.; yeomanry leggings, 8s.; field glasses, 7s. 6d.; punching-ball, 8s. 6d.; approval.—Box 2212, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Pair roller skates, almost new, adjustable, aluminium wheels, specially built for speed, fancy skating; what offers?—Box 2209, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, at once, 4 camp beds (complete); good condition.—James, Gwynfa, Newcastle Emlyn.

One pair each lady's and gent's union extension, ball-bearing, roller skates, not been used; 7s. 6d. per pair, cost 10s. 6d.—Box 2215, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Boxing gloves, set of 4, best make, as new, 8s.—Box 2192, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, folding bagatelle table, must be in good condition, and cheap.—Box 2218, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Clease extensor course of physical culture; cost three guineas, sell 8s. 6d.—Box 2210, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Diggings.—Gentlemen looking for genuine comfortable home should call at 103, Finsbury Park Road, Finsbury Park, N. Central to all parts.

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Foster's running pumps, size about 8 or 9, 5s., or exchange bike lamp; hockey stick ditto; both practically new.—Box 2207, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Eadie Tandem, gent.'s, free-wheel, two Bowdens, B 10, B 18 saddles, in splendid condition; £7 15s., or exchange for single and cash; appointment by letter.—A. Hogg, 676, Dumbarton Road, Partick West, Glasgow.

3-h.p. Humber, fast, powerful, low seat, long handlebars; warranted perfect running order; £10; take cycle in part exchange; offers?—J. V. Cook, 324, High Street North, Manor Park, Essex.

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Boy's riding saddle, complete, equal new; 20s.—Box 2219, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Curb and snaffle hunting bridle, good as new, 12s.; good malacca hunting crop, 4s. 6d.—Box 2220, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Mine for mail order and business men, 40 American and British magazines; cost 30s.; will accept best offer.—Wilson, 164, Brook Street, off London Road, Glasgow.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study and leads to highest speeds; learned in twelve lessons; interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

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Bull terrier dog for sale, affectionate, 2 years; low price to good home.—Coker, 6, Wilmot Road, Purley.

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Phonograph, complete, with carrying case, recorder, 18 records; 22s.—W. Phipps, Chippenham, Wilts.

Guinea violin and outfit, 12s.; bargain.—A. Templeman, 10, Park Road, Peterborough.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Earn Money at Home.—Particulars, addressed envelope, Edwards Company, 54, Cornwall Road, Brixton.

Advertiser wants agents for special novelty; send 1s. 1d. for selling sample and terms.—Thomas, Jeffcock Road, Wolverhampton.

To Secretaries of Clubs, and others, &c.—Write for particulars of unique agency to Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 20.

FINANCIAL, &c.

United Electric Theatres. Forty 10s. shares, £15 paid, for sale; offers?—Box 2213, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Provident Bond, £250, ballot section, paid in 9½ years, £60, accept £40.—Box 2221, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Ten Consolidated Rubber and Balata Estates £1 7 per cent. preference shares, 10 John Bull £1 preference, 10 Olympia, Manchester; best offers.—Box 2222, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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No. 2 Brownie kodak, portrait adapter, spool of films, carrying case, and trident film developer; good condition; 9s., carriage paid.—Box 2214, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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"Shavallo Shaving Stick," ivorine tubes, British and best! 6d. and 1s., post free.—Robertson, 696, Dumbarton Road, Glasgow.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 2071, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Dr. Carter's Liniment or Embrocation speedily relieves deep-seated Inflammation, Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, Sciatica, Chronic Glandular Enlargements, and Affections of the Joints. Cures Sprains and Paralytic Numbness. An invaluable preparation for Athletes as a Muscle Stimulant. Removes Stiffness. Shake well and rub affected parts. 2s. 9d. size, P.O. 1s., post free. Sole manufacturers, Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea, S.W. British made.

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2S. 6D.—Petrol pocket cigar ignitor; smoker's friend; reliable; no smell.—Rowbotham's, 119A, Thornton Road, Bradford, Yorks.

5S. 0D.—Gent's keyless lever watch, best finish; approval willingly.—Rowbotham's, 119A, Thornton Road, Bradford, Yorks.

Gentleman's silver watch and chain, perfect timekeeper, 12s. 6d.; beautiful little "rolled gold," expanding watch bracelet, 10s. 6d.—Box 2226, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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I'm the Cheapest Printer on Earth. I can do anything, and do it a little better than any other people, and a lot cheaper too. Let me quote, merely quote.—Russell Smart, 40E, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

SPECIAL "MODERN MAN" OFFER!

MAY 21.

SEND TO-DAY.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells on FREE TRIAL.

We will send, post paid and free of all costs, to every reader of THE MODERN MAN in Great Britain, who will fill in the coupon below, One Pair of Sandow's world-famous Grip Dumb-bells for **Seven Days' Free Trial.**

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This CHART contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-bells.

Everyone who wishes to keep physically fit, and prevent such illnesses as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Insomnia, should immediately take advantage of testing the wonderful results derived from the use of the Dumb-bells.

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will despatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-bells you have selected. Use them FREE OF CHARGE for seven days, and at the end of that time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as your first payment, and the balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. each—equal to one penny per day.

YOU CAN PUT THREE INCHES ON YOUR CHEST MEASUREMENT and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the GRIP DUMB-BELLS 15 minutes a day for three months.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-bells, return them to our address, and NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER WILL BE MADE.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bell Co.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....19.....

Gentlemen,

Please send me by return one pair* of your

Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-bells at	...12/6	Suitable for age 18 and upwards.
Youth's " " "	...10/6	14 to 18.
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Signed.....

Address.....

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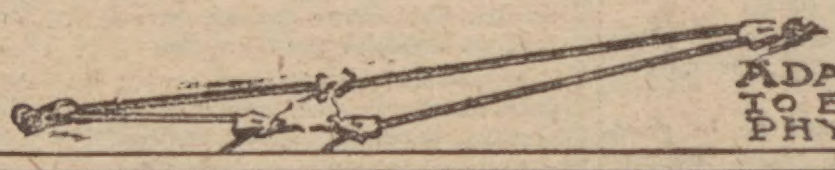
* Please cross out sizes not required.



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NOW is Your Opportunity!

No matter what your position is you can by means of very easy payments be the Immediate owner of the now world-famous "Health & Strength" Developer.

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To The Athletic Appliance Co.,
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Please send me "Health & Strength" Exerciser and Developer .... Strength. I enclose herewith 2/6 (3/-) and agree to pay three further instalment of 2/3 (2/9) one in a month from date, and second in two months, and the last in three months. You agree to send me the Developer at once, post free, and I agree not to sell it until I have completed the payments.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Strike out words not wanted.
Write very plainly. Cross all P.O.'s.